

PORT ARTHUR

A DIURNAL OF OCCURRENTS

General Nogi



GENERAL BARON NOGI AND HIS STAFF WELCOME THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS
ATTACHED TO THE 3rd IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY AT LUNCHEON
IN THE HEADQUARTERS GARDEN BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

(Photo: Underwood & Underwood)

PORT ARTHUR

THREE MONTHS WITH THE BESIEGERS

A DIURNAL OF OCCURRENTS

BY

FREDERIC VILLIERS

AUTHOR OF 'PICTURES OF MANY WARS'

WITH 35 ILLUSTRATIONS, 2 FACSIMILES
AND A MAP

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PORT ARTHUR:

THREE MONTHS WITH THE BESIEGERS

A DIURNAL OF OCCURRENTS

It was a curious remnant of the contingent of the Fourth Estate that had for so many months worried the civil and military authorities in Tokio, which was now dumped down with its baggage on the quay of Dalny, this sweltering forenoon of August 4, 1904.

We were ten altogether. Young men of means out for the fun of the thing—some looking for means and out for any newspaper that might want an odd war correspondent; two expert photographers, and the legitimate representatives of the 'Telegraph,' 'Daily Mail,' The Associated Press, 'The Illustrated London News,' and other journals, including the correspondent of the 'San Francisco Chronicle,' Richard Barry, a young Irish-American, who had apparently left his office in such a hurry to catch his boat that he had brought with him nothing but a change of linen and the clothes he stood up in. He was minus everything necessary to

campaigning, with the exception of a quick brain and a good digestion. In fact, he reminded me of a colleague who left London for one of the Eastern Soudan Wars in such haste that he had only time to call at the chemist's, *en route* for the station, for a tooth-brush and a cake of carbolic soap; which was undoubtedly a lighter outfit than even Barry's. The young American was, however, as modest as his travelling gear, for he admitted that he understood little of war, had never been to Cuba or the Philippines, and knew nothing of campaigning, with the exception of the periodical excitement of a Presidential Election. Here, thought I, was a fresh young mind ready to be impressed with the dramatic incidents of war, and it would be interesting to watch what he would make of them.

One of those 'out for the fun of the thing' young men was christened by me 'Toss,' for it was a question of heads or tails if this gentleman would ever be permitted to reach the front. He, however, was one of us, and rather amusing in a way, for he was always trying to impress the Japanese officers with the fact that he was not a war correspondent but a gentleman at large. They fully believed the former statement, but never took him seriously regarding the latter. In spite of the fact that I heard him, in course of conversation with one of them, say:

'There's my card, sir—the Junior, don't you know and you can take it from me, as an officer and a gentleman, that what I tell you is correct.'

I saw the Jap officer to whom this was addressed a short time afterwards, and he said to me :

‘Now I can understand why you, in your country, say “an officer and gentleman.” It is sometimes necessary to qualify the former by the latter.’

Mr. Matzmura, the English interpreter to the Étape Headquarters at Dalny, met us at the landing-stage, and took charge of us. We shouldered all the lighter articles of baggage and followed him through the new Russian town to the Hotel Dalny. The Russians evidently intended to stay in Manchuria, in spite of their assertions to the contrary ; Dalny is one of the proofs of their resolve. There was no finer city in the Far East, for its size, than Dalny, before her troubles came upon her. Millions of roubles must have been spent on her harbour works alone. Three Japanese transports can tie up on either side of her spacious quay ; there are an excellent dockyard and storehouses ; her streets are well paved and broad, and many are lined with trees ; her dwelling-houses are quaint and happy in architectural design, built with red brick and stone. There are an opera house, music hall, and cathedral. The mayor’s residence is quite palatial, and is one of the few public buildings not destroyed by fire. The Hotel Dalny, which we inhabited, was also intact, but stripped of every comfort by the Chinese gentlemen freebooters, who occupied the city during the interval between the outgoing of the Russians and the incoming of the Japanese. The reason why the banditti

got a 'show in' at Dalny was this. When the position of Nanshan fell, the town was practically uncovered, and the Russian citizens were compelled to fly to Port Arthur; but the mayor informed the people that they had quite four and twenty hours in which to prepare for flight, as it would be impossible for the enemy to arrive before that time. Unfortunately, on the very evening of the taking of Nanshan, an adventurous Jap sergeant pressed forward alone to Dalny, and, arriving late at night, went from house to house in the Chinese quarter spreading the news that a big force would be in early in the morning, and insisted on the Celestials flying the Japanese flag over their houses, which was done. When daylight came the Russians saw, to their dismay, that there were many rising suns, and all but one dawning in the wrong direction. Thinking that the Japanese had entered the town, there was a terrible panic. They immediately packed up and rushed away for protection to the great fortress. On seeing this movement on the part of the Muscovites, the Hunghusa, who were secreted in the town and outlying villages, hurried into the city and commenced looting and firing the Russian quarter. These men had been for weeks waiting this possible event; now their time had come, and, judging by the number of bottles lying empty in the courtyard of the hotel, they must have had a very good time indeed. For the thirty odd hours they were pillaging the city they made the hotel their headquarters. They ripped up all the beds, sofas and chairs, in their

search for hidden treasure, and left nothing behind them but bare iron bedsteads and the foul matting on which they had slept off the effects of their dissipation. We unfortunate correspondents had, therefore, to camp out in the empty rooms, and we were soon busy trying to make the place habitable. Rations of food were sent to us from headquarters, and our party of ten was soon split up into messes. Barry, Ricarlton (the expert photographic artist), and myself, received bread, potatoes, and two chickens. Ricarlton took a great fancy to one of the birds, and, being tender of heart, would not have it killed. In fact, he was quite a Buddhist in many ways, and would only destroy flies. These insects I have seen him vindictively send, with his unmailed fist, a dozen at a time without warning, to the shades of the blue-bottle. But he spared chickens, and this special bird had already learnt to perch on his shoulder and peck bread from his hand. It was an awkward situation. I took no delight in the fowl's winning ways, and simply wanted its flesh, and Barry was of the same mind. Ricarlton at last proposed a compromise. He said that he would take no share of the bird that we had already doomed, and he would let us have the first dozen eggs that his chicken, which he had christened 'Kuroki,' in honour of the famous Japanese general, should happen to lay. We agreed to this arrangement, but it was most unsatisfactory, for although, of course, I feel certain that Ricarlton was no party to the deception, the wretched bird turned out to be a rooster.

Not yet having a servant or a cook, I immediately looked about the town for a restaurant of some kind where I could have our ration properly prepared. There was no such place in the Russian quarter, but down in the native part of the city were several. I chanced on one in the principal street—which bore a Russian name a few weeks ago, but was now changed to ‘Kodama Avenue,’ in honour of the great Japanese Chief of the Staff. It was a quaint little one-story building, with two side rooms leading off a shop, on the counter of which were piled cakes of bread fresh from the bakery, and on the shelves round the walls was a most curious assortment of liquors, wines, and beers of all brands and nationalities. It must have been the loot of the banditti that they were unable to consume before the arrival of the Japs, for the Chinese vendors had a most hazy notion of what to charge for it. Champagne of most excellent brands was offered at the price of whisky, the value of which was well known to Dalny shop-keepers, and excellent claret could be purchased for two shillings a bottle. By the gaudy paper on the walls, and the type of kerosine lamp hanging from the ceiling, the place must have been a Russian tea-shop of the lower sort before the advent of the Japanese. The Chinese who were running it now had introduced a little Joss altar at one end of the room, and on this were vases of paper flowers and burning coloured candles in honour of the full moon, or some other event. Elaborate screens, on which rampant dragons figured in gold on

fields of blue and red silk, walled the tables into temporary cabinets, where one could sit in comparative privacy.

As I walked in, the proprietor and his servants showed evident pleasure at the coming of the European. The place seemed well patronised by Japanese officers and non-commissioned men, who were much interested in reading the inscription in red velvet pasted on the white badge on my arm, which stated my paper and nationality. I handed over our ration to the cook, and in a very short period mutton cutlets were placed before me. What had they done with the chicken? I wondered. Probably that would be the next course. The next dish was a tomato stew. I hunted around for the fowl, but there was no sign of a bird about it. Anyway, it was so good that I came to the conclusion that I would let the matter of my ration drop. After all, probably they were reserving it as a *bonne-bouche*. But the next item was a sweet omelette; there was nothing of a chicken about this, unless my bird had gone back on me and had laid an egg. The happy finale to the repast was that the landlord only charged me *for cooking the fowl*. I asked no question: I was in China-town, and the ways of the heathen Chinese are proverbially peculiar.

I always look on that chicken as a 'good luck bird,' for it was the means of introducing to me the very best of all the servants I have ever employed in the course of my campaigning career. Flies are plentiful everywhere in summer in Dalny, but in restaurants they are excessively progressive. A Chinese boy standing by my side with

a fan had, in a most dexterous manner, kept these villainous pests from devouring the food before it reached my mouth, and then he most unobtrusively prevented them from waiting on my nose to raid the next approaching mouthful. He was a clean, smart lad, and I noticed that he had a piece of paper for a pocket-handkerchief instead of the make-shift custom most Chinamen indulge in of using the floor. His pig-tail he had evidently great pride in. It was jet black, glossy to a superlative degree, and did not leave a dark streak of grease down the middle of his back. His features were gentle and kind, and unlike the pronounced Mongol type. I was much impressed with the boy. Probably he was also taking stock of me, for the next morning I met his brother, the restaurant-keeper, who wanted to know if I required a servant, for he knew of a good and willing lad. 'Send him along,' said I; and shortly the boy who had waited on me the night before turned up.

'What's your name?'

'Cho-san,' said he.

'Well chosen,' whispered a voice within me. So I decided to engage the lad at once. The first thing my new servant took charge of was my room. When he entered he said, in his characteristic way:

'Chinese brigand allsame no good; master you go away, Chosan savey, all-littee makee.'

And it was so, for when I returned the room was transformed into a decent, habitable place; the vermin-covered mats were thrown into the court-yard, the



MY BOY CHOSAN



MY CHINESE HORSE

floor cleaned ; a mosquito-curtain rigged up, by some acrobatic performance, over my valise ; a rag, of sorts, shut out the scorching morning sun from blistering and baking everything he touched, and the wreck of the wardrobe was improvised as a store-room. Barry, who had agreed to share his services, was just as well pleased with the boy as I. We arranged that he should come to us early each morning and return to the restaurant to help his brother at the mid-day meal, and to serve us in this way till the time came for a move to the front, when we would give him the option to stay with us or not.

We had been there several days ; and one morning, much to our disgust, learnt that at General Nogi's headquarters they officially knew nothing about us. The Tokio people had evidently sent us to be dumped down in Dalny and there to vegetate till further orders. Meanwhile, the authorities here had done all they could to break the terrible monotony of waiting. We were taken across the Bay to Lushitan, thence to Kinchow, passing over the famous battle-field of Nanshan. I remembered Kinchow when, from its old picturesque walls, General Oyama commenced his famous march on Port Arthur ten years ago.

It is a wonderfully fertile district, this province of Kinchow. And it is a well-known fact that the Russians intended to come to stay ; that, though they have only been granted a twenty-five years' lease from China, they felt so certain of a renewal that contracts have been

signed leasing agricultural land in Kinchow to Russian settlers for ninety-nine years.

I slept at night in the old, walled city, and explored the battle-ground thoroughly the next morning. It was a huge hog's back, with an inverted spine, standing out of the plain; the base and undulations of the back being deeply entrenched and interwoven with wire entanglements. No position could possibly be stronger, if the Port of Dalny had remained in the hands of the Russians; but, that threatened, the *raison d'être* of Nanshan was gone.

On our journey back to Lushitan a tropical down-pour struck us, and we arrived in the little sea-port absolutely drenched to the skin. Unfortunately, two enthusiastic brethren of our party started on ahead from the main body, which was with the interpreter, and reached the town an hour before us. They were reported, when we arrived, as having been seen taking snap-shots with their cameras, which at that time was absolutely forbidden. The result was that we were all held prisoners in the empty hospital, or quarantine building of the port, till the matter of the photographs was thoroughly investigated. The place was bare of everything but a few chairs and tables. We were all wet to the skin, and miserable at the idea of sleeping on the floor or furniture, while our campaigning kits were snugly arranged and our servants waiting for us across the bay. Luckily for me, David James, the amiable correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' lent me a dry

'kimino' while I stripped and dried my clothes in the sun in the yard. The commandant was good enough to send us some beer and rations of biscuits, and, as we managed to secure a few eggs, we made ourselves fairly comfortable. As the night was warm I required no covering, and the blanket I carried I could lie on and somewhat soften the hardness of the couple of tables I requisitioned for a couch.

However, this little incident rather spoilt our personally-conducted tour to Nanshan and its neighbourhood; and those of us who seriously thought the matter over came to the conclusion that our ultimate chance of getting to the front would be a poor one if some of our colleagues did not stick to the rules of the game. These gay young cavaliers of our party, who came out to see the fun, with the sole object of returning home to buck around the clubs, or to tell of their valorous war-corresponding when 'lying' at their fair ladies' feet, were a nuisance. It is unpleasant to contemplate the number of brilliant young American and English journalists who might have given the public something of historical value in chronicling the stirring events of this war, but who have been kept back by young men who offered their services for nothing, were worth nothing, and did nothing—but the wrong thing.

On the afternoon of the following day we were allowed to cross the bay and return to the hotel once more. That evening a terrific gun fire took place in the direction of Port Arthur, and the whole south-

eastern horizon, as darkness set in, was ablaze with searchlights and bursting shells of a kind I had never seen before, which we found afterwards to be the famous star bombs used by the Russians in the defence of the great fortress. Our interpreter told us that yesterday (the 17th) a flag of truce was taken into Port Arthur by Major Yamaoko, with a message from the Mikado to General Stössel offering safe-conduct for women and children and non-belligerents to leave the fortress before the general bombardment. The gist of Stössel's reply was: That four-and-twenty hours (the time allotted) would not be enough in which to collect the people. The Japs were much disappointed at this answer, for they had made great preparations to feed and make the refugees comfortable *en route* to Dalny.

* * * * *

August 19, 1904.—According to information received by us late last night we are to meet General Baron Nogi to-day at his headquarters in the village of Sodiako, and then we may assume that we are practically at the front.

I note this welcome news down at dawn of this day of August 19, 1904, as I intend from this morning to keep a 'Diurnal of Occurrents' of what takes place before Port Arthur; for, possibly, no war correspondent will be permitted by the military authorities to enlighten the public of the doings of the 3rd Imperial Japanese Army in the field till after the fall of the great fortress.



THE MIKADO'S MESSAGE TO GENERAL STÖSSEL
The arrival of Major Yamaoko and the flag of truce before Port Arthur

The sun is just peeping above the horizon as we ten war representatives of the Fourth Estate leave Eijoshi on foot for the headquarters of the besieging army at Sodiako. On arriving about 9 A.M. we are at once taken to Baron Nogi, who receives us most warmly in the court-yard of the temporary residence of himself and staff, the house of a wealthy Chinese merchant of the district.

The famous soldier I find to be about sixty years of age, and in stature above the average height of his fellow countrymen. His figure is square, upright, and lithe, and his remarkable, pleasant face wears an iron-grey, close-cropped beard and moustache. As we are marshalled in a semicircle before him his quick, searching eyes seem to sum up our little contingent in a flash.

‘Gentlemen!’ he says, ‘many of you have come twelve thousand, and others six thousand, miles, to do our country the honour of chronicling the deeds of her armies in the field. I admire your pluck and enterprise. You have, unfortunately, been compelled to wait many months for the time when the War Office could permit you to proceed. You have at last arrived here, and I welcome you, and I promise that you shall see, without reserve, all the preparations of my army before Port Arthur. Don’t run into danger, and be careful of your health, for there is much sickness about. If any of you should feel at any time at all unwell report yourselves at once to the headquarters hospital, and my surgeons will give you every attention.’

The General then excuses himself, telling us that, owing to military exigences, he cannot see us again for the next three days ; and he shakes us each heartily by the hand.

We are all much pleased, and very happy at this genial treatment, and are even more delighted when our interpreter, Major Yamaguchi, informs us that we can leave for the front at once.

Our baggage has not yet arrived from Eijoshi, and we have, therefore, to start for the battle-ground ill-provided with food. Luckily my water bottle is well filled, so I do not much mind. It is a trying eight-mile walk, under a scorching sun, over a weary plain relieved here and there by patches of young green corn. The roads are heavy, for the recent almost tropical rains have made the rich brown soil a thick unctuous paste, and where the incessant passing of the transport carts has churned it into quagmires we sink into pockets from two to three feet deep.

On nearing our objective, the ridge of hills shutting in the Suichi Valley, we come across a contingent of some hundred and fifty blue-jackets dragging a 4·7 gun. There is no time to wait for the roads to harden : that gun has to be there, for it is the last to make up the complement of the naval battery that is to assist in the coming bombardment. It is terribly hard work tugging at this two tons of steel. The men strain and sweat in the noonday heat, trying to keep their foothold in the slippery mire, and, at times, the task seems nearly

impossible, as this huge gun sinks almost out of sight in the deep ruts in the road. But it is in position and ready to shoot before sundown.

‘Where do we go now, Major?’ I inquire of Yamaguchi, as we arrive at the foot-hills. He points to the highest peak of the range.

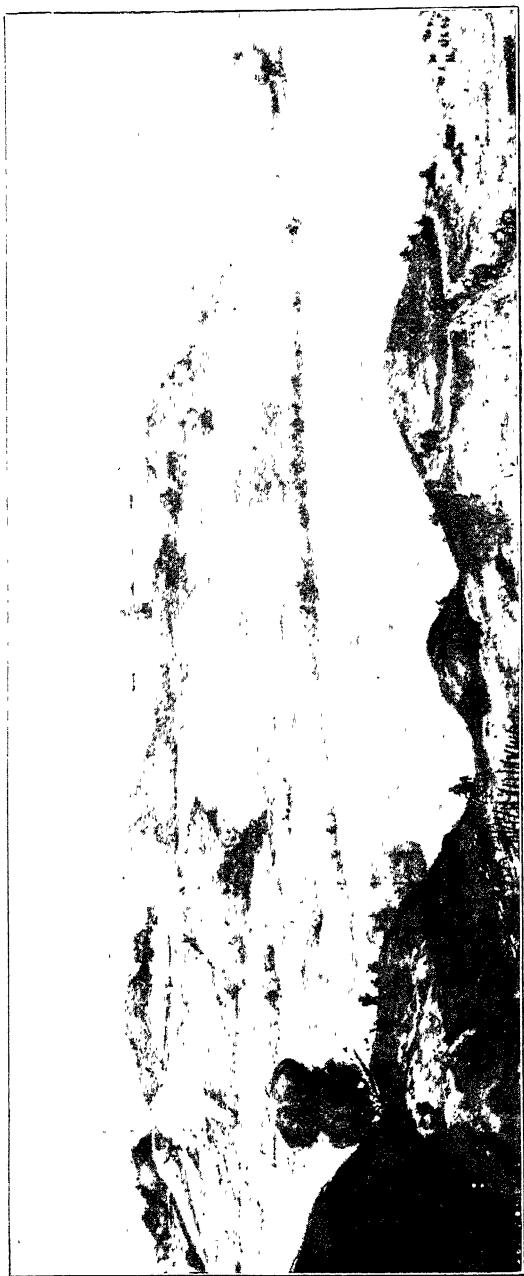
‘There, that is Ho-o-shan ; we climb that and then we shall get a splendid view from its craggy heights.’

We are all fairly tired when we reach the base of the mountain, but presently the sound of cannon freshens us up, and some of those ‘out for the fun of the thing,’ commence climbing with surprising energy. I know the old, familiar sound will continue, so I take it fairly easy till near the summit, when the climb becomes almost perpendicular. The fire of the guns is increasing, the ‘interesting beyond’ is still shut out from me, for there is yet a wall of rock to negotiate. I scale the ridge and lie panting on a rocky slab. Suddenly, two of the ‘out for the fun’ young gentlemen come bounding by, and one of them, the Toss, nearly breaks his neck over the rock in my front. A shell has burst a hundred yards away, but the Toss, who is much excited, tells me what to do, and what is the best cover to take under the circumstances, and many other things relative to heroic behaviour in the field. I am always afraid of the close proximity of the Toss, because he carries a loaded revolver ; and I also know the ominous fact that he and his stall companion have made their wills, for the Press Censor told me one day in surprise, that he did not think

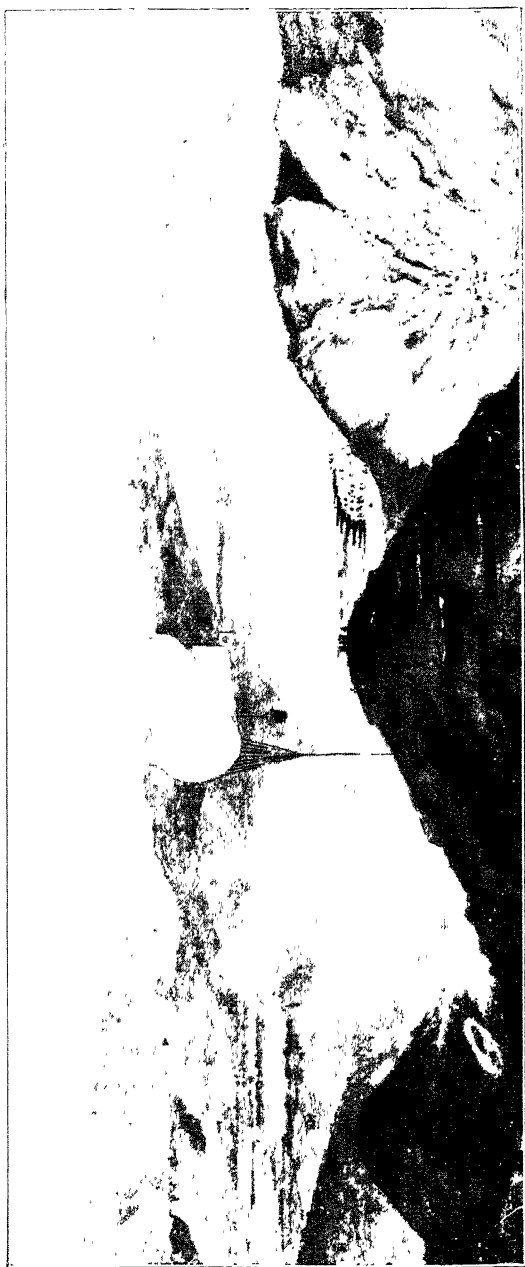
it was legitimate business for him to wade through the wills of war correspondents and interpret the same to the Staff. When I inform him of the dangerous weapon Toss carries, the Censor thinks seriously of insuring his life, if any company will take such risks.

The sight I see from my point of vantage certainly repays me for all my toil. Spread out in my immediate front lies the whole panorama of Port Arthur and its outlying defences, a ten-mile stretch from sea to sea. The scene at first is one of almost bewildering beauty, seemingly the fairest and gentlest of landscapes, composed of verdant hills and golden valleys, rich with ripening corn and millet. Hamlets nestle in the folds of the yellow fields, stately willows dapple the silver streams with purple shadows, and, between the gaps in the hills, peeps the cobalt blue of the ocean. But for the dull grey battleships of Togo's blockading squadron, lying in grim rigid lines on the horizon, the scene suggests peace and plenty rather than the pinch of hunger and cruel war. The roofs of Port Arthur town glisten in the noontide heat from a cleft in the chain of hills. Silent and peaceful the houses lie fringing the waters of the harbour, as if no sound, not even the blast of cannon at her gates, could disturb the afternoon siesta of her inhabitants. Behind the city, piled up in a confusion of grey and purple rocky peaks, stands out the mountainous promontory of Laotieshan, and, beyond that again, the ocean.

However, the apparently peaceful slopes in our front



PORT ARTHUR UNDER SIEGE The grand ring of Russian defences



assailed by the Japanese. Panoramic view of the beleaguered Fortress

on closer inspection change their aspect, for their grassy undulations are lined with freshly-turned red earth, and their summits are broken by rectangular walls, scarps, and fosses. Then I quickly realise that those hills, clothed in the gentle garb of green and purple, are lined with deadly trenches teeming with armed men ; and, as I look, the peaceful glory of the scene passes and the sullen voice of cannon begins to transform the smiling paradise into a ghastly inferno.

All the permanent forts that top the hills in front of us, skirting the valley from sea to sea, have smaller redoubts wedged in between them, some fifty in all, and the majority of them are connected by covered ways : the whole, apparently, forming a double line of impregnable works that, if held by a strong garrison, might, even on meagre rations, keep a besieging army at bay for months, and, if the men were well fed, for years. Behind these formidable lines, standing out in a yellow blaze of sunlight against the blue background of the waters, is the famous sea fortress of the Golden Mount.

I wonder if that is the reason of its name, because of that yellow effect ?

‘ You’re always lugging in some of your local colour, Villiers,’ chimes in a brother correspondent ; ‘ it looks to me the hue of a mangy-backed mule.’ But the bursting of a shell in our immediate front stops short his comments, and from the golden fort a column of white smoke rises into the air.

‘There,’ I cry, ‘is the proper answer to your vulgar simile.’

However, the 10-inch shell is not meant for us, but for the battery of howitzers on the foot-hills below. In fact, the whole stretch of hills skirting our side of the Suichi Valley is bristling with guns—6-inch naval; 4·7’s; howitzers and field-guns, to the number of some three hundred, and all these, so we are informed, are to loosen their tongues in a general bombardment directly that naval gun which we saw being dragged through the mire arrives in position.

It is late in the afternoon when we leave Ho-o-shan and descend to the plain below to commence our weary march back to Sodiako. We are dog-tired on arriving at the village, having walked some five-and-twenty miles, and some of us with little else to eat but chocolate and biscuit.

August 20.—Fine, bright, sunny morning, but almost insufferably hot directly the sun comes up. This is the day of the great bombardment previous to the infantry attack. I succeed in hiring a donkey, a sturdy little brute, but rather short—so short, that if I straighten my legs I can make a sort of hobby-horse of him, for my feet touch the ground. This I find to be a great advantage, especially as I carry an alpine-stock which I use in going up the hills as a kind of punt pole, and with which I can considerably assist the poor little brute in his movements. The firing has already commenced as we reach our point of vantage on Ho-o-shan.

‘Major, what are those forts we are dropping shells on just now?’ I inquire of Yamaguchi.

‘They are the East and West Ban-u-san. The large fort to the right,’ he continues, ‘is Niroshan; those forts below it in the valley are the Kuropatkin forts, and then comes the gap leading into Port Arthur town. To the right of the gap is Pine Tree Hill, and further to its right is Idzushan, or the chair.’

‘Why, yes, Major, I remember that fort well; it was the key to the whole position in your war with the Chinese, ten years ago. Nichi assaulted it with his brigade at dawn, and Port Arthur was practically captured before noon. Ah, it will not be such an easy-chair to take this time!’

‘You are right,’ continues Yamaguchi; who does not seem to see my attempt at a joke. ‘Port Arthur is ten times as strong as it was in those days.’

There is no further inclination for us to talk, for the mighty throats of the cannon are now in full voice, and the ramparts, scarps, counterscarps, and trenches of the forts in front of us are being tossed about into shapeless masses by the bursting of the Japanese shells. We seem to have it all our own way. Whether the Russian gunners are paralysed on seeing the enormity of the damage done to their forts, one cannot tell; but never a shot is fired in return. The hard regular lines of the Russian works are knocked out of all form. East and West Ban-u-san lose their shape entirely, and are pounded into meaningless masses of earth and stone. So the

day wears on, till the sun dips below the waters of Louisa Bay, and we tramp back again to Sodiako. At the foot of Ho-o-shan, and on the shoulders of the hills far to our right, the Japanese brigades are waiting, ready for the ghastly fray that is to come. The men stand to their arms in the ruddy afterglow of the sun, their bright, cheery faces full of expectancy, and eager for the word 'Forward.' There is not a face among the thousands that we pass that does not show a determined intention on the part of the man who owns it to be a factor in taking those forts—or to die. I never saw a finer spirit displayed by fighting men in the whole course of my campaigning career than by the Japanese army this day confronting these terrible fortifications at Port Arthur.

We have hardly settled down after our long weary tramp, and got our kettles boiling, when Goto, one of our interpreters, comes in, much excited, and says :

'Gentlemen, I have orders to take you back to Ho-o-shan at once. We must get to the mountain before four o'clock to-morrow morning, for our attempt to take Port Arthur commences at that hour.'

Though longing for our well-earned rest, not a man of our little crowd hesitates for a moment to face the long march again; some even dance and sing for very joy at the prospect of seeing something of what the Japanese infantry can do, for which we have been so long waiting at the base of operations.

Good General Nogi, sympathising with the considerable tramp that we have already made to-day, permits us to requisition Manchurian carts, in which we bundle our blankets and what provisions we can scrape together at the moment; and towards midnight we start once more for our mountain. The night is pitch dark, and the roads heavy, and these carts so abominable that most of us feel inclined to get out and tramp by the side of our baggage, but that there is a chance that we might break our necks stumbling over the deep ruts on the way. For two hours we miss the right road, and wander miles out of our course, till, just before dawn, the dark peak of our mountain gives us our bearings, and we at last scramble up its craggy heights to our position.

August 21.—Fighting had already commenced under the fitful light of the enemy's star bombs, or rockets, long before the sun had cast its first rays above the eastern hills; the Russian guns have at last given tongue, for they are pounding away at the approaches of the Ban-u-san forts, whose glacis now seems to be their only target; and scattered over its slopes are hundreds of huddled little figures who but a short hour ago had faced its trenches with such high hope. The fields below us are being ploughed up by Russian shells. Lines of khaki-coloured men now press forward across the valley, through the tall stalks of maize and corn that are being cut and scattered by the terrible concentrated shrapnel fire of the Russians. At the foot of either

glacis of the objective forts are deep furrows, or dongas, in the rich alluvial soil of the Suichi Valley. These give considerable cover to the besiegers, if only they can live through the storm of shot and shell ever tearing up the earth in front of them. Through the fields of towering maize, whose kindly shelter hides them for a moment, over bare open acres whose heavy soil, spurning up in dense brown clouds, as shell after shell burrows and explodes in the soft loamy earth, blots them out for an instant, the sturdy little men of Colonel Ouchi's regiment struggle onward towards the shelter of the broken land at the base of the forts. Followed and dogged every yard of the way by Russian shrapnel, at last a few gain the deep furrows and throw themselves down. From the shadow of the donga a flag waves, the red centre standing out clearly as the sun catches it for a moment. A 'Banzai' rings across the fields from the throats of the little men still forging their way through this living hell of fire, while their grim, determined faces intuitively turn toward their beloved flag. It seems hours before a sufficient number collect on this rallying point in the donga, but it is only a question of minutes by my watch. Russian shrapnel snap and crackle above the heads of the rallying Japs in the fissure, but casualties here are few: the ghastly paths leading to it are strewn with the little heaps of prone humanity only a shade lighter in their khaki than the mother earth they embrace.

The fort, towering above them looks an utter wreck

There was really no depth of water in the bay, and the water was very shallow during the storm on the 10th and therefore the water was very shallow.

about 1000 feet of very shallow water. The channel of the bay.

General view of the bay during the storm.

about 1000 feet of very shallow water.

about 1000 feet of very shallow water.



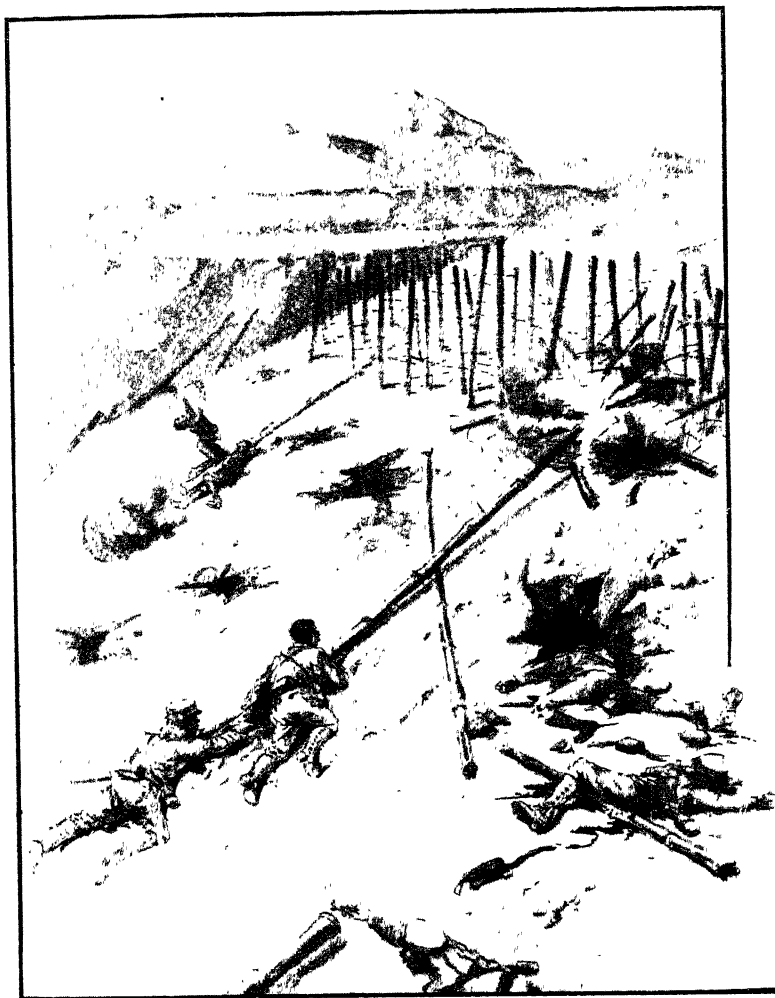
THE ATTACK ON THE BAN U SAN FORTS

already, a grim, ugly-looking, shapeless mass of clay, pitted with countless shell-holes, torn and scarred by Jap shrapnel and shell. Its outer trenches are hardly discernible in the ruin of the once smooth glacis. There is little sign of life within the fort; in fact, it seems impossible that any living being can exist under the terrible shelling it has received by the Japs yesterday and this morning. Some of us look on the grim heap of ruins and say to one another: 'There is no one living there.'

I thought of the '77 campaign in Bulgaria, when the Russians, advancing against the Gravitza redoubt, said the same thing. General Krudner had pounded away with all his guns for several hours, and had knocked the outer works shapeless till he thought there was no sign of life within its ramparts, and the Russian infantry leaped forward towards their goal thinking it would be an easy prey; but the enemy was still there, as the Russians found to their cost that day.

Ah! There is the flutter of a regimental flag in the donga, it leaps up out of the trench, and by its side is an officer with drawn sword. He waves his weapon high in the air, and his men swarm like bees around him as they hurry up out of the trench. It is the gallant Ouchi himself, leading the third battalion of his famous regiment, and he fiercely charges the position. He has asked for reinforcements, and is told that he can have no more men, but he must capture the fort. Knowing that the

enterprise is hopeless, he is the first to take all risks. For a short time he is distinctly seen brandishing his sword in front of his men. Then, riddled with bullets, he falls ; his brave standard-bearer, Captain Takabata, who has more than twenty wounds, is lying in the folds of the flag but a few yards from his Colonel. The banner is caught up once more, and away it goes, upward toward the wire entanglements, which have already been broken in places by a forlorn hope of gallant engineers (who destroyed the props of the wire by thrusting explosives at the end of long bamboo poles against them), their dead bodies—proving the terrible nature of their task—lying stark in the meshes of the wire. Still up, up through the gaps in the entanglement, hurry the heroic few, for one third of those who have left the donga are writhing in their last agonies. Still forward they spring, this little band of heroes ; but there is no banner to follow. It is down again in the stiffened grasp of its bearer lying far in the rear. The men care little now, for their numbers are thinning terribly. The death-dealing machine-guns of the Russians in the casemates of the fort are playing ghastly havoc—such havoc that only a score or more of Ouchi's battalions reach the first ditch of the trench, when they throw themselves panting into the grateful cover of the pits their own artillery have torn ; there they lie gasping, the remnant of that dashing regiment, black with sweat and dust, bullet-torn, bedraggled, and waiting for the supports that seem never to be pushed forward.



DESTROYING ENTANGLEMENTS

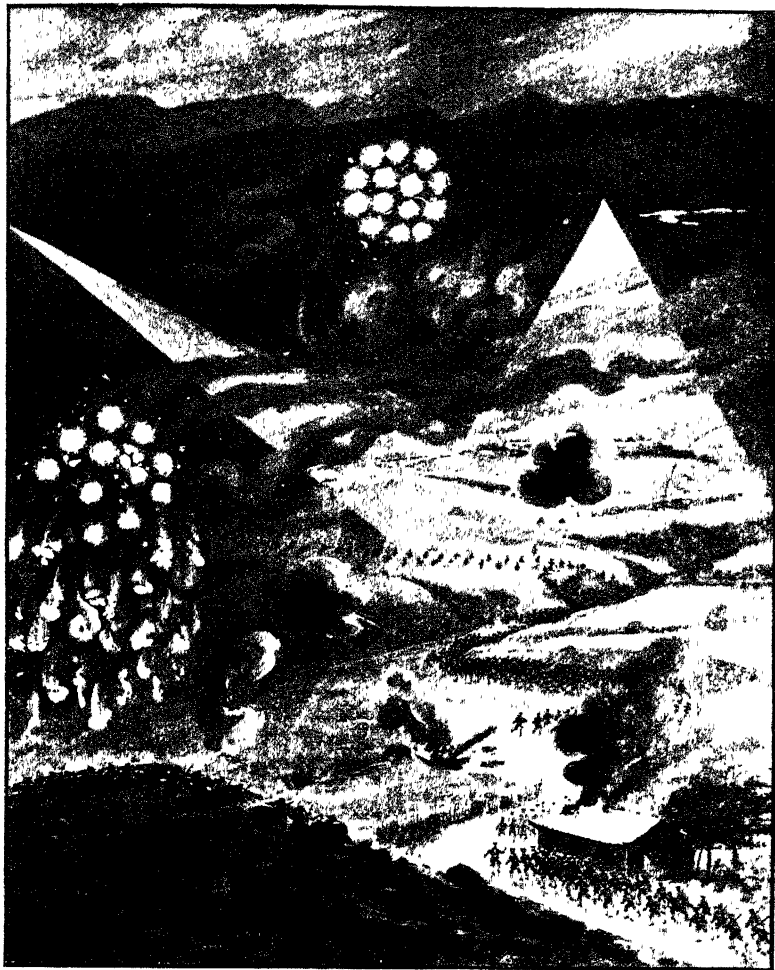
How is it more of those below don't follow? Are these all the men that a moment ago reached the shadow of the donga? Have no more succeeded in crossing that shell-torn valley? It seems so, for there they lie, these few units amidst their dead and dying comrades, and no succour at hand. Once more the khaki figures swarm the valley, for Ichinobe orders the Orishita regiment to the support of the gallant few on Ban-u-san, while a battalion, under Major Yamamoto, of the right wing, attempts to engage the enemy's right. The columns struggle through the ghastly shrapnel fire and into the deadly zone of the everlasting machine-gun, and, shattered and broken, reach the base of Ban-u-san. But a mere handful only springs up on to the glacis, and this gradually withers away to a few who will not retire, but throw themselves into the friendly shell-pits, for it is impossible to face the fierce fire of the Russian sharpshooters lying under cover of the parapet of the fort. The heat is intense, and at midday almost unbearable even for us, motionless on the mountain. What those little men in khaki must suffer, toiling across that ghastly valley and up the sun-beaten glacis without enough water to even moisten their lips, and nauseated by the sour atmosphere of the dead, is inconceivable.

The friendly shades of night close over valley and mountain, but with it comes no rest to the belligerents. The fighting, which has not ceased for the space of a minute since the early hours of the morning, is now con-

tinued in a desultory manner under the searchlights of the enemy.

Worn out with long watching, I roll myself up in my valise, and turn my back on the sour valley and its corpse-strewn fields, and gaze over the peaceful stretches of the Dojoshō plain towards the north bathed in that opalesque light, when the glow of the departing sun is merging in the first flood of the moonlight. The cool breath of the coming night fans my face and I fall asleep, when, suddenly, from the rocks on which I lie, a swarm of mosquitoes arise, the noisiest beasts I think by which I have ever been attacked. The trumpets of these legions skimming the heights of Ho-o-shan almost drown the distant crash of the enemy's shells. I cover my head and hands in my waterproof cape, but the venomous brutes steal in under, or stab through, the material, till I have to give up the idea of further slumber; so I light my pipe and walk about, dodging the searchlights whenever they cross my path. It is now just before midnight, and the battle starts again in all its fury. The gallant Orishita regiment, with the remnant of the Yamamoto battalion, nothing daunted by their many failures during the day, are making an effort to retrieve their prestige by an attempt to storm the position by night.

August 22.—It is 1 A.M. and still the fight rages furiously. Three of the nine searchlights that the Russians appear to possess are playing incessantly on this section of the battle-field, and star bombs or rockets



STAR BOMBS AND SEARCHLIGHTS

are bursting continually, their incandescent petals spreading fanlike and falling slowly to the ground. So brilliant are these lights that the moon, now nearing the horizon, is but a faint slip of silver in the sky. The colour of this night warfare is what Whistler would have revelled in. The deep purple of the mountain against the nocturnal blue, the pale lemon of the moon, the whitish rays of the searchlights, the warm incandescent glow of the star bombs, the reddish spurt from the cannons' mouths, and the yellow flash from the exploding shell, all tempered to a mellowness by a thin haze of smoke, ever clinging to hill-top and valley, make the scene the most weird and unique I have looked on during all the many wars I have witnessed. In the old campaigning days both armies usually ceased hostilities at some period between sundown and sunrise; but here, at Port Arthur, for purposes of fighting the night is as the day. For four hours the little Japs gallantly try to cross the death-ridden valley in the broad glare of these artificial lights, and under a decimating machine-gun and rifle fire from forts on either side of their objective.

From Niroshan (in Chinese the Urhlung, Anglicè the 'Double Dragon') fort, the devilish searchlights, like the fiery glare from the eyes of those monsters of legendary lore, slowly sweep the valley below, and when one rests its rays on any particular spot, red spurts from the black void behind it belch forth shells, which tear ghastly gaps in the Japanese lines wading through the millet and cornfields below. In spite of the terrible carnage

en route a few remnants of these brave battalions under Ichinobe reach the base of Ban-u-san, and clamber up the glaciis with faint shouts of 'Banzai, Banzai !' which are echoed by their comrades across the valley. But they can go no further ; they halt, press forward a few yards, then in the face of all these superhuman difficulties they break, and hurry down to the friendly shelter of the donga below. I wonder, in spite of much heroism I have witnessed during many years of warfare, if any other troops could have done quite as much.

With the coming of the sun the fury of the fight slackens, and but a desultory snapping of rifles comes up from the valley. The slope of Ban-u-san is a terribly ghastly sight with Japanese dead, and it is patent to all that the fort is still in the hands of the Russians. I have hardly finished my scanty breakfast of hardtack and tea when I notice that there is still a spark of life left in that fearful hecatomb on the glaciis. From the parapet of the fort rises a column of dense smoke, a flame shoots upward, then a loud report is wafted across the valley. One or two of the apparently dead hurry up into the trench immediately below the parapet. The attention of all of us on Ho-o-shan is at once riveted towards that trench ; at least fifty minutes elapse and yet there is no movement perceptible but the bayonets on the rifles in the stiffened hands of the dead sparkling in the strong light of the sun.

Presently a single figure emerges from the trench below the fort.



THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

During the attack of yesterday morning on Ban-u-san all that was left of the Ouchi regiment—which was supposed to be entirely annihilated—sought shelter in this trench, about fifty men in all. The work is twenty-four feet deep, twelve feet wide, and about ninety feet in length. At its bottom there is a depth of water from four to five feet, and the mud reaches to one's knees. Heaps of slain lie piled up above the water line. The refugees have built up a banquette on one side, on which the wounded are placed, their able-bodied comrades standing night and day in the muddy water among the dead. Their one day's ration of food gave out long ago. They have already searched the pockets of their dead for the last crumbs of biscuit and grains of rice, and are now drinking the bloody water in which they stand. These men have watched from hour to hour for the last two days and one night all attempts to succour them from their deadly peril fail. They know that regiments of their comrades have been wiped out even in the desperate struggle to reach the foot of the glacis. There is absolutely no hope. They must die of starvation or by the bullet of the foe. Captain Sugiyama, in command of the units—his name will live for ever in the hearts of his countrymen—is suddenly possessed of a mad idea! He proposes to Captain Kabayama that a final assault must be made on the fort above: a whole division of the Japanese army before Port Arthur has attempted it and failed, and he, with his half-hundred starving, worn-out men, up to their hips in water among the floating dead,

will creep up to the enemy's casemate and destroy their machine-guns which have made so much havoc among the attacking forces, and, if he succeeds, his brother officer shall charge with all the survivors from the trench. Hand grenades with fuses attached are hastily made, and Sergeant Himeno and two soldiers are finally entrusted with the forlorn hope. He orders his two comrades to lie *perdu* in some shell holes while he shifts himself forward on his back, with face turned skyward so that he can more easily feign death. The sergeant slowly wriggles his way upward till he is within a few feet of his goal, where he lies stiff and still for so long a period that his comrades, watching anxiously below, think that he is already dead. Presently he slowly turns over on his stomach and crawls to the outer slope of the casemate and lights the fuse. Then, risking all, he rushes headlong forward and thrusts the grenade through the loophole. Himeno then hurries to the friendly cover of one of the shell holes. An explosion takes place in the casemate, he looks backward and sees that a small breach has been made in the wall; he returns to the trench and reports the matter to the officers. The sergeant is then given more hand grenades, and, with three others, he takes the same route. They advance in Indian file and assemble at a deep furrow on the glacis. There they lie, as if dead, for some time, when Captain Sugiyama, becoming anxious, sends forward two others, each with a bamboo pole of ten feet in length. These men arrive safely



WAR CORRESPONDENTS VIEWING THE BOMBARDMENT FROM HO O-SHAN

at the sergeants' rendezvous, and the whole six then creep up to the fort; one of them succeeds in throwing an explosive through the loophole of the casemate, while the other four place grenades upon the *caponniere*, when they hurry for their lives back to the crevasse.

We, on Ho-o-shan, hear the terrific explosion, the roof of the casemate flies high into the air, and the machine-gun is shattered to pieces. One after another explosion rends the air. The greater part of the *caponniere* is destroyed. Their comrades in the trench below forget their terrible plight, clap their hands in their ecstasy, and shout 'Banzai!' But there is one of the bamboo poles not yet exploded. Five minutes have passed and still it has shown no sign. It had been placed on one of the angles of the *caponniere* by Private Nakijima, who is chaffingly called to account by his daring comrades for its failure. He rushes straight towards the fort, and examining the deadly explosive, discovers that the fuse has been extinguished. He calmly strikes a match, relights it, and places the explosive in position. The angle of the casemate flies into pieces; another 'Banzai!' comes up from the trench below, but Nakijima, as he turns homeward, stumbles and falls—the gallant soldier is badly wounded.

This sudden attack on their fort, coming, apparently, from an unseen quarter, rather demoralises the garrison behind the works. Sugiyama, detecting these unmistakable signs on the part of the Russians, urges his

brother officer to effect a charge. Some seventy men in all, for a few of the wounded have rallied sufficiently to join, sweep up the slope in the twinkling of an eye. Captain Kayukawa is the first to fall. His place is taken by Lieutenant Tanaka, who carries the flag of the Ouchi regiment, followed by his daring comrades, right into the fort, lustily shouting 'Banzai! Banzai!' Over rampart and counterscarp, and from traverse to traverse, they drive the Russians at the point of the bayonet towards the back of the redoubt. From the valley below, Major-General Ichinobe, seeing this sudden change of affairs on Ban-u-san, immediately orders a contingent of troops to attack the rear of the Russians, sends a body of sappers to the fort and pushes forward two machine-guns.

The heroic little band on the hill find their ammunition running short, and some of the men begin to lose heart. The two officers in command threaten to shoot any man who turns his back on the enemy. There is little necessity for this anxiety on the part of the officers, for they have hardly uttered the threats before both are killed by a shell, but there is no move to the rear of those gallant little men. They stand their ground, and when Ichinobe, who determines to proceed to the fort in person, arrives with further reinforcements, he finds but thirty of the gallant seventy still standing. More Japanese supports pour rapidly in, and desperate fighting continues till long after noon, when the Russians are finally routed. It can be seen at this period that the

enemy, holding the fort on the left, which is called the West Ban-u-san, show considerable signs of consternation at the fate of the eastern fort. The Japs therefore turn their attention to them. The position is reconnoitred from the newly-captured position, and two companies are sent forward under Captain Hamaguchi, who addresses his men before he gives the word to charge, urging them, as the issue of the battle depends on this enterprise, to fight to the last man. Under cover of the machine-guns from the west fort the companies reach the first line of defences and quickly carry them; but the Russians stand their ground gallantly. The Japs make assault after assault, losing nearly half their number before they finally capture the position, which, by my watch, is taken about eight A.M.

August 24.—A curious incident occurs this morning. A Japanese war correspondent, who has been watching the many assaults on Ban-u-san, comes up and reminds me that he was with me on the adjacent hill during the attack on Port Arthur ten years ago. An hour later one of the Japanese interpreters also comes to me to remind me that we were together during the assault on Idzusan, a decade ago, when General Nogi was then only in command of a brigade. Later on I meet General Ichigi, the chief of the staff, who tells me that he knew me during the Chino-Jap war before Port Arthur. It strikes me as somewhat remarkable that we, who were together in the old days, should be watching the attack on the fortress to-day. The Japanese army is spread

over a wide area, facing many objectives, and yet we four are all here.

August 26.—Fighting is so slack to-day that all the correspondents but Ricarlton, Barry, and self seek the comfort of their tents at the base of the hill, and come up on to the top only when there is anything of interest to be seen. I, having no tent, and my village being eight miles away, resolve to remain on the mountain a few days longer. It is rather trying, for the sun is almost tropical, and there is little shadow from the rocks. But all this discomfort is better than daily climbing the almost precipitous heights and the long weary walk back to my village. Though we are not allowed to keep up a fire after sundown, we can do all the cooking (which, after all, is simply making tea or coffee) during the day.

Ricarlton, who always carries a black silk umbrella, has rigged it up permanently for cover on the shoulder of the hill—I warn him that it is a dangerous thing to do :

‘Some day a young Russian officer will say: “Let’s disturb that fellow over there under the umbrella”; and a shell will come along and spoil the contour of your dapper figure as well as the gingham.’

But the intrepid photographer simply laughs; why should he care? He came out to take snapshots of bursting shells—he is too modest to own it; but this, I know, is his intention—and it is refreshing to find, in an age when photographs of war are mostly outrageous fakes, that there is a man who is anxious to get the real thing, and risks his life for it.

The *caponniere* on Ban-u-san is still smoking, and rapid firing is going on between the captors of the east and west forts, with the Russians on the heights of the Cockscomb range beyond. A thick haze of smoke is hanging over the valley, which must be a blessing to the wretched wounded lying on the glacis, screening them from the full glare of the sun's rays.

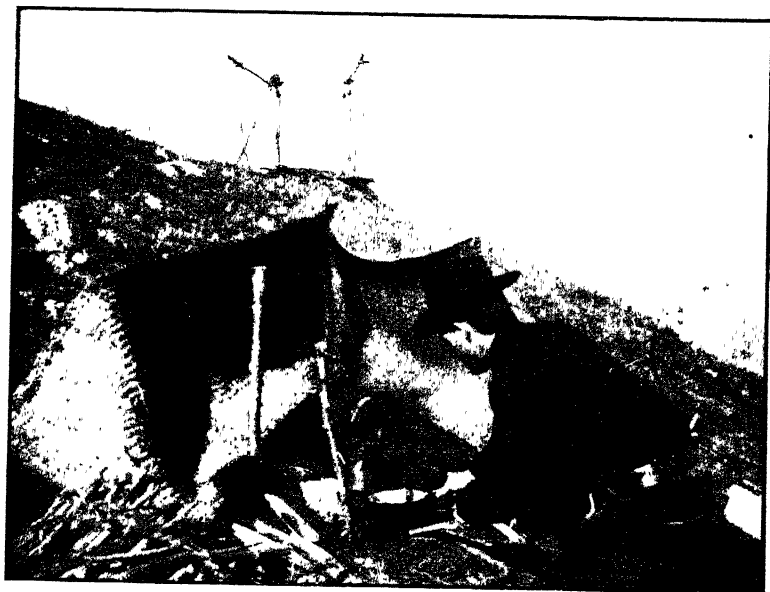
I have arranged with a coolie to refill our water-bottles with the boiled water served to the troops in a village about a mile away, and I set to, with Barry, collecting the shattered rocks from a crater made by one of the enemy's 10-inch shells, to make a cellar to keep off the burning sun from our water-bottles. We lie about the mountain top, nursing the scant shadows of the rock and waiting for the next move of the belligerents. But, apparently, the besiegers are counting the cost of these terrible assaults, for they are simply holding on to their prizes and not attempting a further move forward. One officer tells me that the Japanese have lost over fourteen thousand men since the 19th.

August 27.—Dull morning, rather an uneventful day in comparison with the last five. A desultory cannon fire is kept up by both sides until the afternoon, when it lulls for a while. Very few of us leave the mountain because of the possibility of another big fight owing to the more or less favourable weather conditions for an attack. The sky is overclouded, and the troops will suffer less from thirst when struggling up the usually sun-scorched glacis of the redoubts. Our

expectations during the day are not realised. . The sun goes down in a sullen sky heavy with mist. I spread out my valise on the level patch on the rocky summit of Ho-o-shan and prepare for bed. The Russian search-lights glance from hill-top to valley with watery eye, and the rifle shots of the outposts lose their crisp crack in the heavy shades below. The mosquitoes this evening appear to be depressed by the heavy atmosphere, and are half-hearted in their attacks. I soon fall asleep. I am suddenly awakened by a vivid flash that in brilliancy might liken the strongest searchlight to its shadow, followed by a crash that no earthly piece of ordnance could equal in sound, and from hill-top to mountain, and through the passes, roll the echoes which equal a hundred guns in their intensity. I scramble to my feet in spite of the deluge of rain that is pouring off the rocks above, and get into my boots and waterproof. The sight is an appallingly grand one, and absolutely indescribable in its weirdness. Between great peals of thunder the lesser thunder of the cannon is heard. The lightning gapes from all points of the compass, and when the vivid flashes die out they seem but to make way for the ruddier flare of the shrapnel and bursting shells that shriek and crash, pounding earth, rock, and human flesh. The Russians, under cover of the storm, are attempting to retake the newly-occupied West Ban-u-san, and the Japs are trying to hold on to their captured fort where so many thousands of their comrades had lost their lives on the desperate venture. It is a ghastly



SLEEPING ON HO O SHAN



PREPARING BREAKFAST ON HO-O SHAN

fight, for the battle wages amidst the sour atmosphere of a hecatomb of corpses, the slain of the previous day's fighting. The thunder rolls, and for hours the warring of the gods above and the battle of the mortals below continues until the dull grey of dawn peeps through the dense sulphurous pall hanging over mountain and valley.

August 28.—As the fury of the storm abates, and the anger of the belligerents gradually calms, the fuller light of day is falling broad and clear on Ban-u-san, and I see that its ramparts and ditches are thickly sprinkled with hundreds of bodies, less sodden and mud-stained, but as still as those who had passed into the Shinto Shades three days ago, and the rain-swept glaci's' trickling streams run red to the valley below.

It seems gross and horrible to think of the comfort of oneself with such a scene of suffering before one ; but I wonder if any one of my colleagues on Ho-o-shan is going to boil a kettle ; I never felt before so badly in want of a cup of tea. As the fighting lulls considerably during the morning, I resolve to return to my village.

I look forward to the rather mean shelter of my Manchu residence at Sodiako with a certain amount of pleasure, for at least I shall get some little rest from the venomous mosquitoes when under my net. And I shall also be able to change my clothes. I had been on Ho-o-shan for over a week without any cover, night or day ; and last night's storm proved to me that my valise, an old one, is not waterproof, and that I had better not run the risk of another night in the rain. I

therefore quit the good old mountain for a time, leaving Ricarlton and Barry there as the sole campers. I pick up a Manchurian donkey, and walk and ride back to the village, eight miles away. Chosan had no idea of my returning from any intimation of mine, but as soon as I arrive at the *cul-de-sac*, at the end of which is my shanty, my servant is there waiting for me with his usual smile of welcome. He has, no doubt, had his scouts out all the time on the *qui vive* for me since the day I left, and there he is, the embodiment of joy for my safe return.

‘Chow all right, Chosan?’

‘Have got,’ he replies; and he is as good as his word, for when I enter my cottage the fumes of stew regale my nostrils.

After my repast and a pipe, now, I say to myself, I will have my long-looked-for unmolested rest. But I am sadly disappointed.

When I enter the little vestibule leading into my room, I observe that there is a considerable amount of cooking going on—Chinamen are evidently busy baking bread; but little do I know what a disastrous result this will have to the sleep I anticipate.

When I turn in under the mosquito curtain and stretch myself on the mud divan, I notice that the atmosphere is rather stuffy. I have just fallen into a dense slumber, when I awake with a start, thinking I am roasting in a place which most men are striving to avoid going to when they shuffle off this mortal coil.

August 29.—12.30 A.M. I am absolutely scorching. I scramble off the couch and rush into the hall. What on earth are these Chinese fiends doing? I find one man kneading dough, another busily decorating the metal pan of the copper with cakes, and a third at a bellows, tinkering up the fire under the pan, which also heats the flue running into my room and under my earthen divan. I drag the man from the bellows up to the divan and make him sit on it. He recognises, by the effect on himself (for Chinamen have a lower nervous and less sensitive system than ourselves) the impossible situation for me. He and the others bring in stout planks wherewith to allay my anguish, but the wood soon begins to char. Then bricks are placed to raise the planks. But the heat still works its way upwards, and towards the morning I find myself rolled up in my blanket on the stoop outside—unrefreshed and miserable, my bones aching, and my flesh feverish and sore. I call on Goto, one of the interpreters, and request him to get me another residence, which he does; and before sundown Chosan moves my things to a house in a large compound at the back of a Chinese sutler's shop that abuts on the main street. From the end of the compound I can see the life of the village with greater freedom. The landlord of my house rents mule-teams to the Japanese transport service. I am standing at the entrance of the yard when these animals, unescorted by man or boy, come home from their day's work. They are excessively polite. The first

mule that arrives, on seeing a white man—apparently for the first time—stands up on his hind legs with astonishment. I move to the left to make room for him; he then waltzes to the right and stands opposite me; if he could have talked he would no doubt have said by his action: ‘You first, please.’

The other six, who have now left off pawing the air, follow suit. I am slightly embarrassed, but I think this may be the rule in Manchuria, so make a swerve to my right. The animals then, in Indian file, trot into the compound and commence rolling their hot and weary bodies in the dust. They are regaled on chopped corn-stalks and beans, moistened with water. The landlord and his family also take their evening meal with the mules in the compound—a food less coarse, but of a similar vegetarian diet. Babies who can hardly toddle sit down with their parents and try to feed themselves by the help of the chop-sticks. These people sit at their meal during the twilight and long after the stars come out, and seldom use the light of their candles but for going to bed.

Chosan tells me that this village is famous for fish, and has promised me some for breakfast.

August 30.—Beautifully bright morning. I am awakened by my servant haggling with a fish vendor in the yard. I find a man with a huge basketful of the most curious fish I have ever seen. Things with heads like herrings and bodies tapering off like eels, but flat, and looking like pure silver; some are at least a yard

long. They are sold by weight, the fisherman using a primitive scale which he slings over his shoulder. There must have been a good catch, for I noticed the sheen of the fish all over the village. One sees the children struggling home with their arms full of the bright silver, and the sun dances and sparkles on their long, sinuous bodies hanging to the eaves of the houses to dry. I must tell Chosan to boil the next lot, for the grease which he uses in frying (strong, and to the Celestial taste) no doubt spoilt the delicate flavour of the fish. The breakfast has not been a success.

There is the usual sound of cannon from the direction of Port Arthur, but it is so desultory that there is nothing of importance in it. An ammunition train, composed principally of light field transport, has been passing through the village for the last hour or so. The crates contain mostly shrapnel. I expect they have nearly exhausted their supply after the continuous fighting from the 19th to the 27th.

August 31.—Chosan stupidly left the lid of the improvised stew-pan unsecured by the brick which usually keeps it in place, and the wretched cat with one vicious eye, from next door, has eaten the contents left over for lunch. I don't care, so long as young Barry doesn't turn up. I can do till the evening ration comes along; but Barry is always so infernally hungry.

After dinner Goto and the French interpreter call, and we take a walk down to the sea. It is only a few hundred yards away, and we follow the almost dry bed

of the watercourse running through the village down to the strand. It is a beautiful evening, and the sunset is a marvel of purple, orange, and madder-lake.

On the shore, close to the water's edge, is a Japanese outpost. One of the sentries, on seeing me, comes over to ascertain who the stranger is. Goto tells me that every possible landing-place, all along the coast up to the Russian lines, is watched by sentries, on the lookout for any Chinese spy, or some correspondent attempting to put off for Chefoo with his interesting copy.

Chosan tells me, on return, that the people next door are indignant at their cat eating my meal, and that, as a punishment for evil-doing, they are going to eat him. I insist on the sacrifice not taking place. Chosan remonstrates with me :

‘Cat all same no good ; he catchee one piecee stew two piecee time.’

‘Never mind,’ I say, ‘I must see that “one-piecee cat” all alive in the morning.’

September 1.—Sodiako being quite a long march from the present headquarters—not less than eight miles from the Port Arthur defences—I resolve to change my quarters. So Goto and I start in search of an empty cottage at Tobeshin, nearer the fighting zone. We engage a donkey between us to help us on the way, and go by a new route, through villages almost untouched by soldiers on the march, until we get within a mile or two of our advance posts where all the villages

are crowded with troops. The soldiers appear to get on very well with the peasantry, and the crops, which are now near their fulness, show very little damage from the march of the army towards Port Arthur. In fact, I never saw the inhabitants of a land overrun by foreign troops so prosperous and contented as the people of the Manchurian Peninsula. It is a scorching hot day, and we are tired and thirsty when we strike headquarters and make for the commissariat go-down. I am introduced to the staff, and am invited to take luncheon with them. The Major has prepared some European food in my honour. In fact, the luncheon is equal to that of a first-class French restaurant, and some wines, found in Dalny, make the repast go quite merrily. With the coffee come a variety of liqueurs and vodki, all from the same quarter, and for smoking we have an assortment of Turkish and Russian cigarettes and havannas of the choicest brand. We take our meal under an awning of Japanese mats, roofing an improvised arbour, that was erected while luncheon was being prepared.

September 4.—A pretty incident occurred to-day. During the fighting yesterday a young Jap officer, in charging a trench with his men, was severely injured in both legs by the enemy's shrapnel, and fell fainting into the ditch. His company was driven back down the glacis to a donga below. This morning a Russian soldier, carrying something in his arms, was seen coming towards the donga from the glacis. The something he

carried was the young Jap officer who had been left in the trench the previous day. Of course there was much rejoicing, and the Russian prisoner is on parole, being much petted by the Japanese soldiers wherever he goes. This generous treatment has decided him not to return to the beleaguered garrison.

The officer's story is this : When he recovered consciousness after his fall, he was lying, with several dead comrades near him, unable to move his legs, when an unarmed Russian soldier stole into the trench and began to examine the dead. The Jap officer, fearing that the Russian would kill and rob him, attempted to unbuckle his revolver, but the soldier, on seeing this action, approached him with such a reassuring smile that he refrained from pulling the trigger.

'He stood over me,' he said, 'and spoke some words of Russian, which, of course, I did not understand ; but they were gentle and amiable I could tell. Then the man passed behind me, and presently I found myself being safely raised from the ground and, eventually, in the strong arms of the humane Muscovite, I was brought down to the trench in which my comrades had taken cover.'

September 5.—News of a great battle fought at Liaoyang has just arrived in camp. The Russians were defeated with great loss. The Japanese assert that they have already buried ten thousand bodies of the enemy.

September 6.—Leave Sodiako for good this morning, with Yamaguchi, our chief interpreter, to take up



RUSSIAN HUMANITY

my quarters at the village of Tobeshin. There is much official leave-taking. The chief of the commissariat is exceedingly hospitable, and insists on opening some wine. It is about 8.30 in the morning—an unusual hour for drinking burgundy; but it is uncorked specially for me, and I am obliged to honour the occasion. Chosan is made happy for a time with saki, which he has never tasted before, and is very unhappy later, for during the march he has to sit down.

‘What’s the matter, Chosan?’

‘Master, my no savvy. One piecee saki my take two piecee master my see.’

I place him in the shadow of a tree till he gets over his dizziness.

September 8.—Barry breaks the news to me this morning that he is going to keep his birthday, which is on the 10th of this month, and he will invite myself, Goto, and Yamaguchi. Ricarlton says that he will not be of the party because he thinks the whole thing too frivolous during a siege; but then, he has seen more than fifty birthdays, and probably is fed up with them. I sympathise with Barry, especially when I hear the good rations he is about to provide. Anyway, it will kill time, which always hangs heavily in the life of a war correspondent before a beleaguered city, if there is no other kind of killing going on.

Nothing but outpost affairs to-day.

September 9.—Ricarlton, Barry and I go to the Eleventh Division this morning, to see the last position

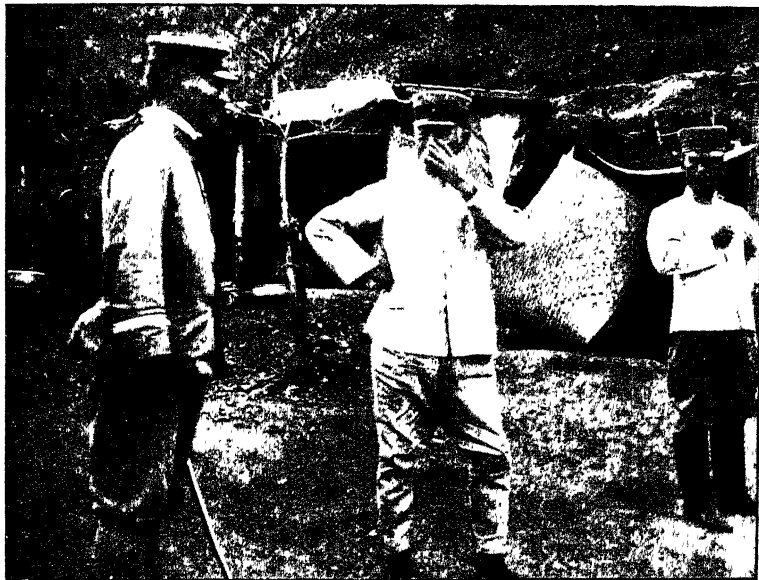
captured by the Japanese before they finally drove the Russians into their stronghold. General Tsuchiya's command lay to the extreme east of the line of the besiegers, and was encamped at the back of Takushan, or, in Chinese, the Big Lone Orphan—a hill as sheer on that side as Gibraltar, and standing out of a plain over 600 feet high. It was captured early in August at considerable loss to the Japanese, but its possession was most essential to the success of the Jap operations in the close investment of Port Arthur, for from this position the enemy were able to see all movements of Japanese troops.

As I look up at the crest of Takushan, and the rugged, precipitous rocks that lead up to it, and then at its sloping base intersected with trenches undulating down to the plain, it is another revelation to me of the marvellous pluck and dash these little soldiers possess. The capture took place during the last days of the wet season, and the ground was sloppy and slippery ; yet, after fighting incessantly from the afternoon of August 7 till early on the 9th, they rushed the positions at four o'clock in the morning, only taking five minutes, from the beginning of the slope, to scale the crags to the crest, capturing four guns and hundreds of rounds of ammunition.

‘I suppose we can have a look at that ridge to-day?’ I inquire of Goto, who was appointed to accompany us.

‘We must first of all see General Tsuchiya,’ he answers.

We pass a mile of comfortable dug-outs in flank of



GENERAL TSUCHIYA, COMMANDER OF THE 11th DIVISION

the great hill shaded by canvas or mat awnings, under which the Jap soldier is resting after the morning's duties in the trenches. Through the stony bed of the watercourse at the mountain base, where here and there the precious liquid bubbles in little fountains, and runs in a small trickling stream westward, soldiers are bathing or washing their linen, in troughs which they have dammed up in the river's bed.

On the other side of the stream, on the flat bed of the valley, stretching away from the line of foot-hills, are the Japanese horse-lines. Of course there is not much cavalry before Port Arthur, so one cannot judge what a large camp of horseflesh would be in the hands of men who are proverbially not horsemen or well acquainted with the 'friend of man.' But the miniature horse-lines that we look at to-day I have never seen equalled before. It is rather a big order to say that, considering I have seen so much campaigning; but, being an animal myself, if I had the choice of what form I should like to be in before Port Arthur, for comfort, regular meals, cleanliness and generally kind treatment, I should say, 'Make me a horse.' They are nursed and petted in every way, protected in many cases by huge embankments of earth from the keen north wind which at times blows down the valley. A primitive fosse around the bank drains off the water after a tropical downpour, which at this season occurs nearly every day. They are screened from the sun by thick branches of trees, making quite a pretty, cool-

looking green harbour, under which the animals are spaciouly stalled. It was quite refreshing for us to nurse the leafy shade of the horse-lines, and so cleanly were they kept, that, though the heat was intense and the moisture arising from the wet ground considerable, there was not the slightest effluvium of any kind to offend.

Out in the open spaces of the encampment are parallel-bars and other athletic appliances, where the men, in squads, are taking exercise. Here and there a sutler's shanty is surrounded by groups of men buying little luxuries. Some of these are different to what you would find in most European camps—long, horn-handled tooth-brushes and little packets of tooth-powder, sweet-meats, cigarettes, canned fruits, and Nestlé's milk. This brand seems to be the favourite with the Japanese army, and I found it a delicious addition to a rice ration. The tooth-brush is an essential part of the Japanese campaigning kit. The first thing that a Jap apparently does when he gets up in the morning is to stick a tooth-brush in his mouth. You can see hundreds of men rubbing away at their teeth and gums, walking about chatting with each other during the operation. The soldiers and sailors of Japan have the finest, whitest teeth, probably, of any human beings on the face of this earth. Some say this is owing to the vegetable diet on which they are mostly fed; but I think it is because they use the brush so frequently and freely.

As we advance towards headquarters the men come



MODERN WARFARE—THE TELEPHONE SERVICE IN THE FIELD

up with a cheery smile of welcome on their faces, and examine the badge on my left arm with my nationality and the paper I represent embroidered in red on white linen. One or two spell out the inscription, 'Illustrated London News.' Then their smiles broaden into grins of satisfaction at finding I am an Englishman. One or two offer me cigarettes which they take limp and moist from their pockets—it is their only means of showing hospitality ; of course it would be too impolite not to accept. Several speak English—men who have been in service in America, or in business occupations in Europe, who have given up all to join the colours and fight for their beloved land.

General Tsuchiya's headquarters are close under the hill, and his tent, which is partly a dug-out with a canvas awning, is near a long, low shanty with a mat roof, supported by bamboo poles, in which are half-a-dozen telephone-stands. At each is an operator ringing up or receiving messages, and by one of these stands the General, in a plain tussore-silk semi-uniform, with his Chief of the Staff, directing the field operations, giving orders, and receiving rapid answers. By this means a message has been sent from General Nogi's headquarters to say that we are coming, for Tsuchiya's adjutant and his chief interpreter meet us as soon as we arrive and show us into a tent where sweet biscuits, hot tea and cigarettes are ready for us. We at once ask permission to see the captured position of Takushan. This is granted ; but we are told that we must have

luncheon first, as it will be a long climb up to the top, and the enemy may not allow us to get back until late in the evening, and then we may be hungry. I tell the interpreter that it is a part of a correspondent's training to go hungry, but he insists on my taking more substantial refreshment than tea, and, in a short time, fried ham and eggs and a bottle of beer are on the table. Primed with this good meal, which I really want, having tramped for eight miles, I am taken up to the summit of Takushan. It is a stiff climb to the first bomb-proof shelter, and in some parts we have to crawl, so that the Russian batteries from the Port Arthur line shall not catch sight of us. When we gain the shelter the officer in charge says :

‘Excuse these precautions, but I think it is necessary, as only a short time ago, when this was a simple entrenchment, the General was standing here with two of his staff officers looking over ; an enemy's shell burst and killed both the officers by his side. Since then he has put up this roof.’

‘Now,’ says the officer, after we have looked across the intervening country between us and the Kikwan Forts, ‘I have instructions to take you back by the same route ; but if the Russians will be kind we will go up to the extremity of the ridge and see the guns we captured. Two of them have been hopelessly wrecked, but the others we have polished up and are going to open with on the enemy, as we found, conveniently, several hundred rounds of ammunition to fit the guns.



JAPANESE OFFICER'S QUARTERS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR—PREPARED FOR A
SORTIE BY THE ENEMY

I will go first. When I get round the shoulder of that peak over there, you will know if the Russians have seen me, because they will send a shell. If not, wait three minutes, and the next man can follow.'

I am relegated to start last. Everything goes well until I am midway between the shelter and the peak, when a nasty, wheezing, creaking noise passes over my head. Then the boom of cannon is heard, and a lump of rock on the shoulder of our hill flies up into numerous fractions. I hurry on, gain the peak, another shell passes over, and bursts down at the base of the mountain. I join the officers who are seated under cover of one of the manholes of a wrecked gun's emplacement; we laugh, and light cigarettes.

'There comes another,' says the interpreter, 'they are still firing at you, or at the place where you were.' And we sit and smoke until three more projectiles have been sent in our direction and all have harmlessly burst in the valley below.

'You know,' says the adjutant, 'the Russians will fire at a man or a mule or, in fact, anything moving. We are not allowed to send a shell unless it is at a group of ten or twelve. I think the General will be angry; he doesn't like people to draw fire on this hill, for the reason that they generally all miss, and, dropping below, may kill some of the troops or horses.'

These, I considerably suggest, are of far greater value than the lives of the wretched civilian sight-seers.

‘But,’ I continue, ‘we have our duty to perform also. We have come a long way, and must see things.’

‘Ah,’ says the adjutant, turning to the wrecked gun at the back of us, ‘those poor fellows there’—directing his finger to a pile of stones—‘were less fortunate than we.’ I look round, and at once understand what he means. I see a mysterious shrunken hand sticking out from a piece of cloth, buried under a boulder; then a foot and part of a leg, beneath a piece of sacking; then I trace the skull of a man; they are the remains of three brave Russians who were the last to stand on Takushan, and were wrecked with their gun.

From this point of vantage I can understand why the position was so necessary to either Russians or Japs. Looking now, as we are, towards the Japanese position, I can see for miles every mountain road and pass through which the troops will have to advance. Turning right about, I can look over the Russian forts into the harbour of Port Arthur. Every move of either belligerent can be seen from this point. On turning again towards the Jap position, there is not a sign of a living being, not a gun to be seen; the whole country is absolutely bare; and yet guns are firing from apparently empty space, and their shells are falling upon the enemy’s redoubts and forts.

To the Russians, looking, as I am, from a similar point of vantage, how uncanny it must be. There is no sign of the besiegers, who are, however, night and day proving their close proximity by their destructive artillery fire.

‘We must go now,’ said the adjutant, ‘or you won’t get back by nightfall.’

It is an easy descent down Takushan, but it takes us more than fifteen minutes, and yet an officer tells me that the assaulting party went up in five. I look again at the beetling cliffs above me and wonder. After all, I suppose it must have been overwhelming enthusiasm that gave those troops the wings of eagles; or can my amiable officer friend be romancing?

We reach Tobeshin long after dark.

September 10.—Barry’s birthday. Splendid morning. Chosan during the afternoon turns us out of our room to prepare for to-night’s feast, saying: ‘Master, you go; my savvy, makee all litee.’

When we return to dine we find our guests are waiting outside, and Chosan, with the door barred against all intruders, still busy within. We knock for admission, but the hammering does not affect our servant till he is quite ready. Then, with great pomp, the door is thrown open. It is really a remarkable transformation from our usual dull, grey, hole of a dining-room. Many candles, stuck into jam-pots, illumine the scene from certain points of vantage, and there is a cluster of them in beer bottles on the table, casting their light on a surprising novelty to our guests as well as ourselves—a dazzling white table-cloth, with four rosy-looking apples as a centre-piece (a birthday present from Chosan to Barry), and a serviette apiece.

We all marvel at the genius of Chosan in evolving a

table-cloth from the wilds of Manchuria, but I discover later that it is one of Barry's night-shirts cut into two, with the sleeves split up into table-napkins.

September 13.—‘There's not much going on this morning,’ says Barry. ‘I want to know if you have time to tell me about the *Manchu Maru* trip—you saw the Corean Emperor and Togo. Have you time?’

‘Oh, yes, I have just sent off my budget to the “News,” and have nothing to do. Of course you know we called on all the Japanese naval bases *en route* to Corea, and I can assure you it was a revelation to me: these Japs have done wonders since I was with them ten years ago. I feel it as a personal satisfaction that they have advanced so much with their navy, because what I saw of the handling of the ships, and the way in which they disembarked their infantry on the Liaotung Peninsula, a decade since, inspired me with the happy thought of suggesting, in several press interviews I had in 1895, an alliance with England, and that, as you know, afterwards came about.

‘They can make everything necessary to carry on a naval war, with the exception of battleships and cruisers. I saw one first-class torpedo-boat in course of construction. Their workshops and machinery for making guns and ammunition are equal, for the size, to any of the arsenals in Europe. Then the training of their cadets: well, nothing can be much better. The physical end of it is certainly finer than any I have yet seen. Of course, I did not see the gun factory at Osaka;



A BATCH OF SPIES LED TO PUNISHMENT THROUGH THE JAPANESE CAMP,
PORT ARTHUR

but you will be able to judge what work they are capable of turning out when those 11-inch mortars arrive. I bet they will surprise the Russians, who, up to now, know that we have nothing to equal their coast defence 10-inch guns.

‘Sasebo, one of the most important of their naval stations, is the most snug and curiously hidden, out-of-the-way place you could possibly imagine. Viscount Enoui, who was with us, told me there was a similar harbour in the North Island, almost opposite Vladivostock. The contour of the coast near Sasebo is such an upheaval of volcanic matter, a chaos of rugged hills, that the opening into this wonderful harbour is difficult to discover among the many false inlets breaking the coast line. When you do find the opening, the narrow straits leading into the bay are bristling with guns, and when they are passed the stretch of water before one looks like a placid Cumberland lake with no sign of big craft upon it. You steam a mile along this lake towards steep hills sheer down into the waters, then, just as you think you are running into them, you turn suddenly to your left, through another narrow pass, and there appears a haze of smoke, through which numerous transports and ships of war are seen, and beyond, busy repairing docks and a bustling township. Two hundred ships can lie *perdu* in that harbour, while all the fleets in the universe might be roving outside for months on the look-out, and never find them.

‘We had an excellent crowd on board the “excursion

steamer," as some, who were sorry they didn't come, christened it. There were Jap peers, members of the Legislature, and naval attachés galore. I had a most interesting chat with a prominent member of the Lower House as to what Japan will do after the war if she is victorious. He told me that he knew it was the intention of the Mikado's Government not to annex a foot of Corea or Manchuria. They are not going to play the game of bluff that Russia has been playing. They will show the whole world that the war is being carried on to assure them that Japan will have no more fear of an inroad by the Muscovite on the dear, beloved Land of the Rising Sun. Corea will be for the Coreans, and Manchuria will still belong to China. In fact, they will occupy the latter country as we occupy Egypt—whatever that may mean, my dear Barry. Open doors everywhere, but Japan with the first foot in. She has the first foot in Corea; you may be certain we found this everywhere. Her consuls have the finest sites for their residences, and there are Japanese colonies in every town. The people of Corea don't seem unhappy in face of this inroad, but for one thing, and that is, that wherever the Jap goes he carries cleanliness and tidiness with him, and this the inhabitants of the Land of the Morning Calm seem to abhor. I don't think I have ever met with people who live in such a state of filth, and at first you think, by their costumes of white cotton, which the highest and the lowest of them wear, that they must be quite a dainty, well-washed people. This is not the

fact, believe me. They do little washing—only their clothes, and those but the outer garment. They are a gentle and amiable race, and seem to lazily smoke their lives away through pipes at least a yard long. They wear the most curious-looking hats, which are somewhat like the Welsh stove-pipe, and, ordinarily, black ; but, owing to the death of the Empress, all Corea is in mourning, and most people have gone in for white hats—just the reverse of the European custom. Those who can't afford to purchase a white one, stick a piece of white paper, the size of a luggage label, on the top, and “Hey presto !” they are at once in the fashion.

‘ They really wear a double head-gear, for under these hats—which are jauntily tied with tape below their chins—are skull-caps, so tightly bound round on the head that the flesh bulges out below the strap. It is said that one can always tell the skull of a Corean from that of any other nationality by the indentations round the cranium caused by this excessive pressure. This curious head-and-skull-cap figures considerably, not only on their heads, but in many things. For instance, before European uniforms and *kapis* came into fashion, a company officer, instead of saying to his contingent : “ The right file will move three paces to the front, quick march,” would order : “ The front and rear hats on the right,” etc.

‘ Oh, they are a quaint people ! A Corean woman, when she marries, never sees her husband till the day of the wedding, and when married is not per-

mitted to speak in his presence till the first child is born.'

'And,' chips in Barry, 'when that event occurs, you bet, Villiers, they make up for lost time.'

'Mothers-in-law are not allowed to make conversation for their daughters. A Corean honeymoon is therefore probably dull. Yes, they *are* a curious people. In the markets in Seoul eggs are sold by the yard, fixed up in long tubes of straw, three feet in length, and small birds are strung on string and vended in the same manner.

'Still, not all the people lead quiet, uninteresting lives in Corea. For those living up in the hills there is considerable sport. The men hunt the tiger for six months, and then, when the snow is on the ground, the tigers hunt the men for the other half of the year.'

'Tell me about the Emperor.'

'Don't get impatient, Barry; try a pot of raspberry, and mark time with the spoon. I am coming to him soon.

'The day before his Majesty accorded an interview to our party he gave us a splendid luncheon in the grounds of the "Palace of Prosperity and Virtue." We made a brave show in 'rickshas and carriages driving through the narrow streets towards the eastern gate. The foreign naval attachés, in their white uniforms plastered with decorations, their gold epaulettes and aiguilettes; members of the Japanese House of Peers, in the newest and shiniest of silk hats; the Japanese

correspondents, in frock-coats and solar topés; the English war correspondents, mostly in evening dress with pith helmets, represented no less than nine or ten different nationalities. We suddenly left the filthy streets and passed through a gate into a fairyland of greenery, shady avenues, lotus ponds and Chinese pavilions. On the second floor of the largest of these, overlooking the lotus pond, we were entertained to a cold collation in European style, which would have done justice to a Delmonico or a Carlton. The wines were well matured and of the choicest brands, while the cooking was simply perfection. It was a blazing hot day, and I can assure you that the ice cream was one of the most grateful dishes going. I discovered that the feast was provided under the personal superintendence of an Alsatian lady, a Miss Sontag, who had been for years, I believe, at the Russian Embassy, and had found her way into the household of the Corean Emperor, who had retained her on purpose to look after European guests at the Imperial Court.

‘I tell you what, Barry, the Emperor may not be able to govern his own country, but he knows how to entertain European visitors as well as any ruler in a more enlightened land.

‘The following day the Emperor granted the guests of the Japanese Government and passengers on the *Manchu Maru* an audience. After the peers, attachés and members of the Diet had been presented, those of the Fourth Estate were received.

‘ George Kennan suggested that, as I was the *doyen* of the correspondents, I should take the lead. The result was that the Master of the Ceremonies coached me in one or two matters regarding our behaviour before the Emperor, in which I was to tutor my colleagues. The European frock-coat and silk-hat costume is the fashion for presentation during the day in Corea. But our crowd had a curious assortment of apparel ; evening dress predominating. The Chamberlain excused us on the score of being travellers, and we could wear anything of a dark nature. One of the amateur correspondents had managed to rig up a sort of evening dress, and looked all right till you came to his shoes—and they were of the lawn tennis description, which he had well chalked for the occasion. I told him that I couldn’t pass the shoes. He proposed to take them off, but his socks were of a brilliant aniline dye. The Imperial Oriental eye, keen to bright colours, would notice them at once. He then seemed to be struck with a happy thought, and hurried out of the room. Just as we were being marshalled into the corridor leading to the Imperial presence, he returned with a pair of ammunition boots that he had borrowed from the sentry standing guard at the American Legation. To my astonishment he wore two medals.

‘ “ Did you borrow these as well ? ” I whispered.

‘ “ No,” he indignantly replied ; “ they are my own.”

‘ “ Didn’t know you had seen any fighting,” I said.

‘ “ But what are they ? they are too pretty for war medals.”

“Fact is,” said he, “one is my football club medal, and the other—well, three of us had made a journalistic scoop, and we wanted to remember the occasion, so we presented each other with medals. Hope you like the ribbon; my best girl gave me that. I tell you, Villiers,” said he, “this is a most exclusive decoration; there are only three in the whole world. Now look at yours. One of them, I know, is as common as pea-nuts”—(he was referring to the South African)—“there are at least 150,000 kicking around.”

‘I couldn’t well contradict him; besides, there was no time. We were in the presence of the Ruler of the Land of the Morning Calm. It was a large room, with a dais at the further end, looking very much as if it were arranged for an amateur performance. The ceiling and walls were white, and there was a cluster of electric lamps hanging over the dais, which was covered with red cloth. On either side the ceiling was supported by white columns, up which wriggled Imperial yellow dragons. At the back of the dais was a silken screen, with reeds, storks and other birds embroidered upon it. In front of it stood the Emperor, by the side of a Louis Quatorze chair. On his left was the Crown Prince, also standing; and on the second step of the stage, to the right of the Imperial Prince, was a tall, sickly-looking person, dressed in similar costume to the Emperor’s, which was an ivory-white gown, with white girdle, and the white Corean cap with short wings on either side of it. This was the Chief Eunuch—a most

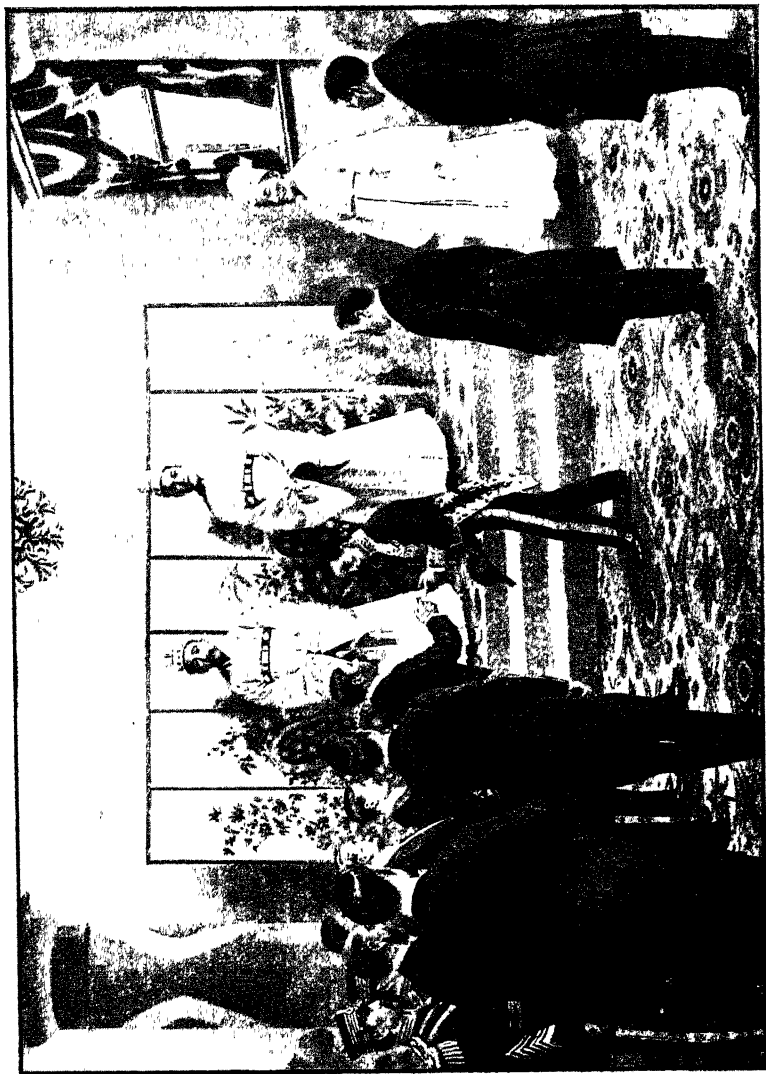
important personage at the Court of the Morning Calm.

‘As I entered with the contingent of war correspondents they took the signal from me, and we made a low bow. We then skirted a large table which was in the centre of the room ; thirty feet from the door we made another bow, and finally, on arriving within six feet of the throne we made a third obeisance—a long one to the Emperor and a shorter one to the Crown Prince.

‘The Emperor was a small man, with a rather bright, intelligent face. The Crown Prince was more robust, and a foot taller, with a long flabby countenance and a vacuous stare. The Chief Eunuch had a most intelligent face, but looked much more bored than the other two. The Emperor wore a good-humoured expression when the bustling little Master of Ceremonies took the bunch of cards from me which I had collected from my colleagues. He handed them to the Crown Prince, who fingered them very gingerly, and did not seem quite to know what to do with them. He held them for a moment or two in the direction of the Emperor, and then nursed them carefully with both hands. The Master of the Ceremonies motioned me to step forward, and our interpreter came up to my side. His Imperial Majesty then spoke, and our interpreter translated to me :

“I hope,” said he, “that you and your brethren of the Press have had a pleasant journey.”

‘I said : “Tell his Imperial Majesty that we have had a most delightful journey.”



THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION AT THE COURT OF COREA

‘The Emperor showed his teeth, and smiled in the most urbane manner upon us all. Then there was rather an awkward pause, and I understood that it was time to go. I bowed very low to him, and slightly to the Crown Prince, and, still facing the throne, backed my way towards the door. It was a difficult matter, because I knew there was that wretched table in the centre of the room; but I successfully avoided it, and safely reached my destination. I did this as quickly as I could, because I wanted to take a few notes of the scene on my shirt-cuff. As I was doing this, to my horror I saw my colleagues, having bowed to the Emperor and Crown Prince, make a very elegant salaam to the Chief Eunuch, who was more disconcerted than ever, as this was not on the programme. But the Emperor seemed to enjoy this *faux pas* on the part of my brethren of the Press, and smiled still more benignly.

‘We returned to the reception room, where we were served with cake and some excellent champagne, in which we drank the health of his Imperial Majesty. Then we got into our ’rickshas and drove back to the hotel.’

‘What about Togo?’ says Barry.

‘Well, we first of all tried getting up the Yalu to Antung; but the tide and rapids, owing to the recent rains, prevented us from going up the river——

‘Great Scott! what’s that?’ I cry, as a tremendous explosion is heard outside; ‘that’s a big one, let’s come and see!’

We hurry to the end of the village and meet D'Adda, who is a little excited.

'Voyons mes amis!' says he. The Marquis always breaks into French when agitated. 'It is hot absolutely'—(he is dancing a segment of shell from hand to hand)—'if you don't hurry you all will miss it.'

A 10-inch shell has burst against a rock in the dry bed of the watercourse at the end of the hamlet. About fifty soldiers in their dark overcoats have been seen by the enemy skirting our village, and hence the coming of the projectile. It has made a big hole in the stony river-bed, and Chinese children are hunting for the pieces.

September 15.—'Now for Togo' (says my young friend, after the guns over towards the Eleventh Division had slackened their fire), 'there's nothing much this afternoon. You just commenced to tell me—you remember—when that wretched 10-inch nickel-plated shell cut it short.'

'All right, if you take the chair I will sling myself in the hammock and start afresh. How far had I gone?'

'You spoke of the Yalu river.'

'Oh, yes; the *Manchu Maru* left that vicinity suddenly, after a couple of days at Chinampho, revelling in the most delightful land and seascapes, full of the most delicate colour in the morning, and the richest and most gorgeous hues I have ever witnessed at sunset. Towards evening a torpedo-boat seemed to have dropped from the heavens and began shooting through the waters like a lively porpoise, now to port of us and then to starboard. One of Togo's scouts had sighted us.

‘The morning was misty, and the Manchurian coast was hardly visible. Soon a dull grey ridge stood out on the horizon, ahead and starboard of us, and genial Captain Takarabe told us that it was the Elliott group. There was considerable excitement on board, especially among the correspondents. We were now nearing “a Certain Place”—the mysterious naval base whence all those sharp and incisive attacks on Port Arthur by the Japanese came from. Soon the greyness passed away, and bright patches of blue sky gradually lit up the islands; but there was no sign as yet of any naval life on these waters, not even a scouting torpedo-boat. It came upon us as a flash, this “certain place.” Those who were eagerly watching through their glasses almost gasped for breath. A wide bay suddenly opened out, a dense cloud of smoke hanging over it, and in the centre, near a lofty grey rock, with a crown of emerald grass on its summit, the victorious fleet lay at anchor. The sun was setting behind this rock, whose shape was as sheer as that of Gibraltar, turning everything into tones of russet and molten gold; the black pall of smoke above looked like a curtain about to descend and shut out the picture.

‘It was a busy scene; some forty ships, with fires banked, all vomiting forth smoke, ready and alert, lay at anchor in the vicinity of the rock. Twenty of them were in their dull slate-coloured garb of war. Battleships, first-class cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo craft; and, trailing off to the right of the emerald-capped

crag, stretching towards the main-land, were transports, repairing ships, colliers, and the hospital boat the *Rossetta Maru*. Those battleships we now admiringly gazed on had all made history. Every one had seen action, and had gone through inconceivable wear and tear. The *Kasuga* and the *Nisshin*, the armoured cruisers brought out from Italy by English and mixed crews, were lying at anchor in front of the line of battleships, composed of the *Asahi*, *Fuji*, *Yashima*, and the flagship the *Mikasa*. We steamed past the two guardships, one, the oldest vessel in the Japanese service, still a useful and well-appointed craft. When she first arrived in Japan, in 1882, the country was overjoyed in possessing at last a European-built war vessel, and people visited her in thousands.

‘We anchored near these outposts as night fell. From the masts of the guardships a bright light suddenly flashed out and as quickly died away—the commander was proving the electric circuit. Then the whole fleet disappeared in the gloaming, and not a light—even the glow of a cigarette—pierced the darkness. We were in the zone of operations, not more than three hours’ steam from the Russian squadron at Port Arthur. I simply tell you, Barry, what I saw ; what I did not see was the most remarkable of all. This “Certain Place” is the most ideal of rendezvous, it is guarded by small islands threaded together by ten miles of booms, composed of steel hawsers and lumber, to avoid a torpedo rush by the enemy. Perfectly snug and comfortable, the

Togo fleet had been there since the first attack on Port Arthur, and the Russians had not been able to locate them, or dared to attempt a raid. A wireless system of communication from a headland, with stations along the coast in connection with scouting ships, might bring the message: "Russian Fleet is leaving the harbour"; and within four hours Togo would be drawn up in battle array at a point ready to bar the further progress of the enemy. The next morning we were shifted out of sight, and out of the way of the fighting squadron. In the forenoon the *Manchu Maru* went out with a scouting section along the coast to within ten miles of the Muscovite stronghold, and returned south *via* the Blonde Islands, where, anchored in the middle of the group, we found the great Togo himself on board the *Mikasa* ready to receive us. I can assure you that was a moment one would always remember, when our boat, steaming between the flagship and another battleship, dropped anchor.

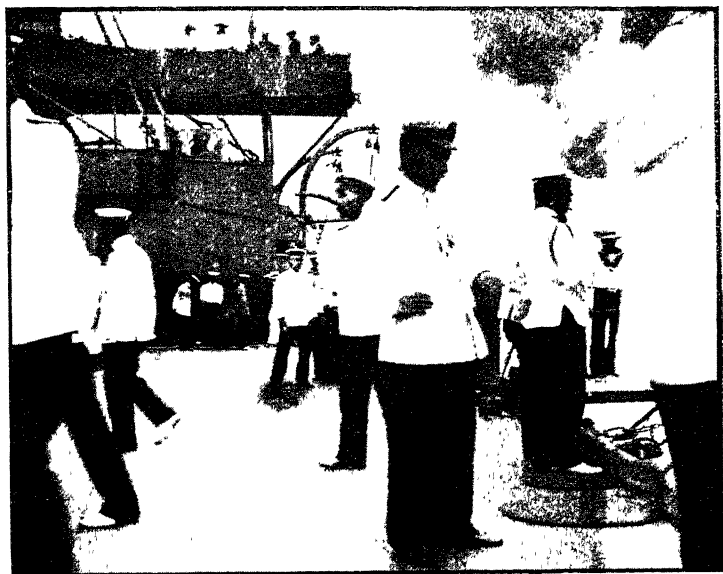
'The crowd of men with eager, interested faces, swarming the decks of those towering grey hulls, anxious to get a glimpse of the new-comers who, to them, had just arrived from quite another world—the peaceful world—their beloved Nippon—which many had given up all hope of ever seeing again. Soon the pinnaces were busy, and we were all put on board the *Mikasa*. Admiral Togo is a small man, turning grey, with a short-cropped naval beard, and a face that shows little emotion; most polite in manner, he paid us every attention, considering his time was taken up

with more important matters. He complimented us on our enterprise in coming so far from the other side of the globe to see what his countrymen were doing. Then we drank his health; and after that were let loose over the ship.

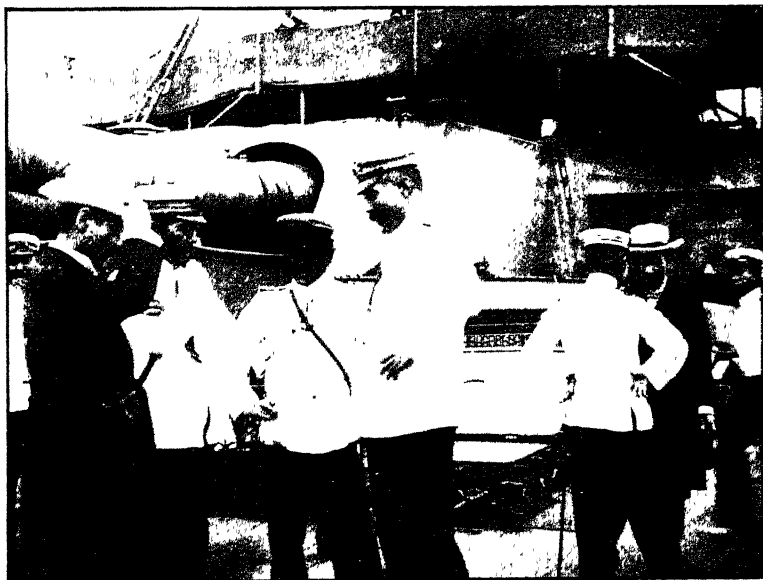
‘I have been on British warships while in action, or on the verge of meeting the foe, but I never saw any decks more trim, and the men and officers neater and smarter, than the crowd on the *Mikasa*. Of course, they were prepared for us; but still, in time of war, Admirals are too busy to waste much time in furnishing up for visitors. The great man had a peculiar way of standing with both hands spread out on his hips and his arms akimbo. I took a sketch of him in this position; and then I found a most amusing coincidence: his officers, from the chief of his staff down to the middies, all aped their beloved chief, and stood with their arms and hands in the same attitude. Of course, Togo could not tell us anything *re* the situation; but I think he felt fairly satisfied with what had been done, and confident that he could eventually smash the Russian Fleet.

‘When I returned to the *Manchu Maru* I found the Admiral’s card with a polite message asking me to excuse him returning the call, as he was just now so fully occupied.’

September 19.—We are off to the First Division to-day, to see an attack on Namakoyama. It is about eight miles from headquarters, by the long road skirting the naval



ADMIRAL TOGO ON BOARD THE MIKASA



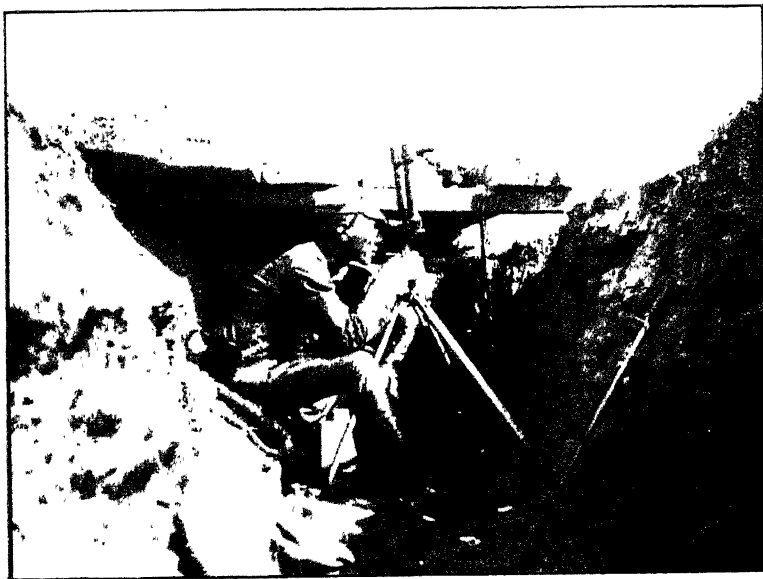
CHIEF OF TOGO'S STAFF

battery, and about a third less, passing close behind the guns. Our interpreters have strict orders not to take us by this road, as the ground in their vicinity is pitted with deep shell holes, and the enemy's projectiles fall close to their neighbourhood night and day. It is a bright, sunny morning, and the little contingent of war correspondents attached to the besieging army are full of joy at the prospect of seeing another fight after the inactivity of the last few weeks. We keep along the valley of Dojoshō for at least two miles, then we dive into the ravines at the foot-hills, and ascend toward the extreme western hills of Port Arthur. Perched on the top of one is the headquarters of the First. From below, the white tents look like limpet shells clinging to a perpendicular crag, but after a stout climb one discovers that they are pitched on narrow slips of terraces cut out of the rock just below the actual summit. Of course, the headquarters staff have been notified by telephone that we are coming, and the courteous adjutant meets us at the beginning of the little encampment and escorts us to a spacious tent erected specially for our comfort; and though we insisted on bringing food, there is a supply of biscuit and canned beef and beer waiting on a rough plank table to be consumed by us.

‘You are only just in time; the attack begins at three,’ says the genial little officer, who speaks English and French with considerable fluency. ‘Light another cigar and come up into the trenches.’

We follow him, in Indian file, about thirty yards

further up the hill, when we dive through a narrow cutting and find ourselves in a trench that runs along the actual crest. At the end is a bomb-proof shelter, and near it is the chief of the artillery looking through a hyposcope, and snugly seated below the parapet in perfect safety, at least from bullet fire. This is not our trench, but one parallel to it, and we are cautioned to show ourselves as little as possible in crawling from one parallel to the other. At last we are peering between sand-bags and gabions on to a remarkable panorama—to our right is the Japanese objective for the moment. Namakoyama is a long narrow hill, that reminds me of a miniature table mountain. In shape it resembles a fish, and it is named because of its contour. To the right is another hill, divided from it by a short valley, called 203 Metre Hill, with a formidable redoubt on the summit, its embrasures bristling with cannon. On Namakoyama are also two ominous-looking muzzles sticking up on the sky line. To our left centre is a stretch of open country and the ridges of the western forts guarding Port Arthur. Idzushan, or the Chair fort, was the key of the position ten years ago when it was captured by the Japanese, and all the other forts fell in a day. Next to it is Antsushan, which dominates 203 Metre Hill; beyond this is an uninterrupted view of the harbour and the new town. To our extreme left is the Suichi Valley and the Kuropatkin redoubts rising out of the plain. To our extreme right the country ripples in short hills and valleys towards the sea. Every



THE HYPOSCOPE IN THE TRENCHES

hill at our back, and left or right flanks, seems to carry Japanese guns of different calibre.

In our immediate front, on a lower ridge, close on the base of our objective, some twelve guns are making excellent practice on the trenches intersecting the enemy's position, and the Russian return fire is so good that, but for the cunning emplacement of our guns, and the capacious manholes of the batteries, our gunners would suffer terribly. We could not be in a better position for sight-seeing. The whole scene of action lies before us, and, as the crow flies, not more than four hundred yards away. Occasional shells shriek over our heads, intended for our batteries in rear, and a few burst between us and the emplaced guns below, while the dust from the *débris* is now and again blown into our faces. Yet one of the 'out for the fun' young men is not satisfied. He wants to be nearer, to let people think that his stout heart has no qualms of fear. He says to our interpreter:

'Can't I go right there?' pointing to a ridge a hundred yards nearer the position.

'I have orders simply to bring you gentlemen here,' replies the interpreter.

'Won't you go and ask the General, from me, if I can't go right there?'

I cannot help remonstrating, for the officer seems perplexed. I say: 'Don't you think your request is rather inconsistent? The General has already provided his own private box for the show'—for he was, with his

Staff, directing the attack from the same trench ; ‘and you want this officer to go and bother him in the middle of the fight with this silly request.’

‘It’s not your business, anyhow,’ he replies.

I tell him I think it is very much my affair, and that it is the business of all the war correspondents to give as little trouble as possible to officers on the field. However, as his request is not taken to the General, we other correspondents are saved from that humiliation.

The chain of forts attacked is an extensive one, and it is difficult for those not behind the scenes to know on which forts the Japs intend to drive the assault home. Far away to our left smoke curls up from the Kuro-patkin redoubts; an assault or demonstration is going on there. On the right, 203 Metre Hill is almost obscured by the rain of shells that pours into it from our guns, and our objective in our immediate front is being pounded by our guns below. Neither of these forts shows any sign of life, for the shells that burst around our batteries come from the forts across the harbour. They loom up dark and weird from the valley below, and the full yellow flashes of our projectiles as they rend rock and soil stand out incessantly on their purple flanks, looking like the fiery fissures of an active volcano. It is long past three. Our infantry, hidden in the folds of the short valley below, have not yet made a move. A keen north wind is blowing a strong gale over the hill-tops. I have no overcoat with me, and suffer considerably from the cold ;

but the blood soon tingles through my veins when the sharp detonation of rifles below tells us that the infantry attack has at last commenced. It is a steep climb up the face of Namakoyama, and the little men go slowly. In the deep purple of the hill, for the sun is now sinking, the Japs are hardly discernible in their khaki uniforms. They have no impedimenta in the way of haversack or rolled overcoat. These are left with the reserves down in the hollow. The men are practically stripped for the fray. An iron ration of hardtack, a piece of dried salt fish in the hip pocket, and a bottle of water slung from a strap over the shoulder, are the rations for each man; they carry 200 rounds of ammunition in the three pouches attached to their belts. With a light step they spring up the glacis. The Russian trenches half-way up the slope belch forth a warm welcome to the oncoming foe. So deadly is their fire that it is dark before the Japs gain the shelter of the broken ground made by their artillery. Patches here and there on the trail of the advance, of a lighter colour than the soil, tell us that the enemy's bullets have found many billets, and the Red Cross contingent are creeping up—for it is now almost dark—from the hollow, to the succour of those among them who may still breathe the pure cool air of the coming night.

The fighting suddenly ceases, the Japs have postponed their attack; and the Muscovites in their trenches are probably glad of the temporary respite, for the sparks of fire spluttering along the parapets eventually die out.

It is becoming darker and darker. In the gloaming a figure creeps along over the reverse bank of our trench, and calls to us in a low voice :

‘Gentlemen, gentlemen!’ (we all turn towards the speaker) ‘the dinner is ready.’

It is our kindly adjutant asking us to come below and partake of an excellent omelette and some stew, with a cup of hot tea. I, for one, hail the welcome summons with joy, for a sudden chill has caught me, and my teeth are chattering with a fit of ague. Two good-natured comrades ply me with raw brandy till a reaction sets in, and, rolled in a blanket, I soon become fairly comfortable. The wind is pitiless, the tent is nearly rent with each boisterous blast; but we huddle close together for warmth on Japanese mats spread on planks over the raw hillside, and soon forget wind, weather, and war, in deep, well-earned slumber.

September 20.—Fine bright morning, but the wind still howls round the hill-tops. It is bitterly cold. The fighting has not yet recommenced, so we take a ration of hot coffee, and then battle against the strong gusts up to the crest again, and into our trench. The cannon are silent this morning, and the rifles are not yet busy. What has happened? Ah! there are our little men, as lively as crickets, but close under the walls of the enemy’s trenches now, unseen by the Russians from the topmost ridge of the position. From their cover the Japs are waving many flags—those with the red disc on a field of white—the national ensign of Japan. At first

I think they are signalling across the narrow valley that divides us ; but they are only, as usual, letting our artillery know how far they have advanced, to avoid dropping shells among them when they open fire. Reinforcements are wending their way through the narrow valleys in our rear, and massing in the hollow below.

I am stricken again with the throes of ague. Can I stand this icy, nipping wind, that penetrates through the stoutest clothing, to the finish ?

It is nearly four o'clock ; the din from at least a hundred guns rumbles and re-echoes, and the fiendish shrieks and wails of the shells skim our height in their flight towards Namakoyama and 203 Metre Hill. The little men pour out from their cover to swell the ranks of those already half-way up the glacis. Those hiding below the first trench take cover no longer, but, with loud 'Banzais,' race up towards the fort. The crest is at once a blaze of flame, which runs along the edge like molten metal, and the two ominous muzzles, breaking the sky-line, point and vomit their shrapnel over the on-coming battalions. Great heavens, if I can only hold out against this racking ague till they reach that flame-tipped ridge ! It is no use. I am led down to the shelter of the tent, and out of that torturing, biting wind. I see Kamada, the Russian interpreter, as I leave the trench, a Japanese I had taught to sketch in the European fashion. 'Do me a favour, good fellow ; watch the final rush for me and finish my sketch.' He smilingly assures me he will not fail me. And amidst

the din and shouts I close my eyes in anguish, hold my chattering jaws in my hands and try not to think.

The final rush lasts no longer than fifteen minutes ; but it is a stiff fight, in which hand grenades are thrown in the faces of the stout defenders by the Japs as they spring upon them with bayonet or clubbed rifles. A hand-to-hand fight, in the light of the snapping grenades—for the gloaming has set in—along the whole length of the table. The Russians fly down the reverse slope towards Port Arthur. Namakoyama is in the hands of the Japanese, so are the Kuropatkin forts ; but 203 Metre Hill has this afternoon held its own, 2,000 Japanese have bitten the dust in their fruitless attempt to capture it, and lie sprinkled over its glacis. The shell fire from the dominating fort of Antsushan has withered the forces before they reach its summit, and a remnant of the two thousand, less than fifty men, are clinging to the cover made by the shell-holes at its base, determined on at least a foothold on the coveted hill. Among the slain is their gallant leader, Colonel Yamamoto.

September 24.—Up at six o'clock to start at seven, but, as usual, interpreters not ready ; nearly nine before we get away. We were supposed to leave early to avoid the Russian shells, which, when the sun is up and glints on the railway as it turns into the Suichi Valley below our corn-patch, come tumbling about that section of our road. When we get into the dangerous zone we find the village, instead of deserted, crowded by



CAPTURE OF FORT NAMAKOYAMA AND ATTACK ON 203 METRE HILL

the refugees from the Suichi Valley, and thronging with women and children. The children are almost naked, and play about on the hard threshing floors, as their mothers, in the most unconcerned manner, gather up the golden grain. So much for shell fire. The road and fields are scored with ruts and deep holes, with splinters of projectiles, like rabbit warrens, and yet these people live amongst the never-ceasing rain of fire with less concern than we would show to the fireworks on Guy Fawkes day.

Just in this narrow neck, where the hills almost close on each other, are placed the Japanese howitzers, and down at their base are two eleven-inch mortar pieces, whose carriages, embedded deep in the cement, will soon be ready to do their deadly work. These two, with four others, were, but ten days ago, coming from Dalny by rail. Now they are almost ready for use, surrounded with the most perfect man-holes for the guns' crews, and tier upon tier of polished shells awaiting their aerial and bloody journey into Port Arthur. For these guns, and others of even larger calibre, the whole army is waiting; then the final attack, in which the Japanese will play their full hand, will take place. A hundred yards or more brings us to a culvert. Here sentries are placed to warn all who proceed further to keep a certain distance apart—from 15 to 20 yards—and to expect any adventure, in which bullets and shells are concerned, till the head-quarters of the Ninth Division is reached, nearly

a mile away. This precaution is necessary, for the whole strip of country is open, and we are in full sight of the Russian position and within a few hundred yards of their firing line.

Shells hurtle through the air and burst to left and right as we hurry over the open country; but these surly messengers are not aimed at us solitary figures wending our way across watercourses and through stunted fields, but at the batteries at back and side of us. It is only when these missiles fall short of their target that one wishes to be for the moment elsewhere. We are now within cover of the hills under which the camp of the Ninth Division lies sheltered—sheltered it can hardly be called—screened, more likely; for these men of the famous Ninth have got into the habit of using the segments of the uninvited visitors that come from the mouths of the cannon as tent pegs. As usual, the headquarters staff are ready to receive us. They have been notified by telephone of our coming; the result is generous hospitality. Tea and dried raisins—both most refreshing after a hot walk—are handed round, then we go and see the fighting. The Japs have been busy since the memorable attack on the Cockscomb group of the forts, known as the East and West Ban-u-san, or the Eternal Dragon Fort. A month ago they had to traverse the undulating country, under a scathing fire from the enemy, with scant cover of maize and millet fields, till the ravines at the base of the Cockscomb were reached, when they collected what was left of their battalions for

the assault. Now, a series of parallels and curtains makes the whole journey from the Ninth Division into the actual redoubt a fairly safe walk, but for an occasional shower of shrapnel.

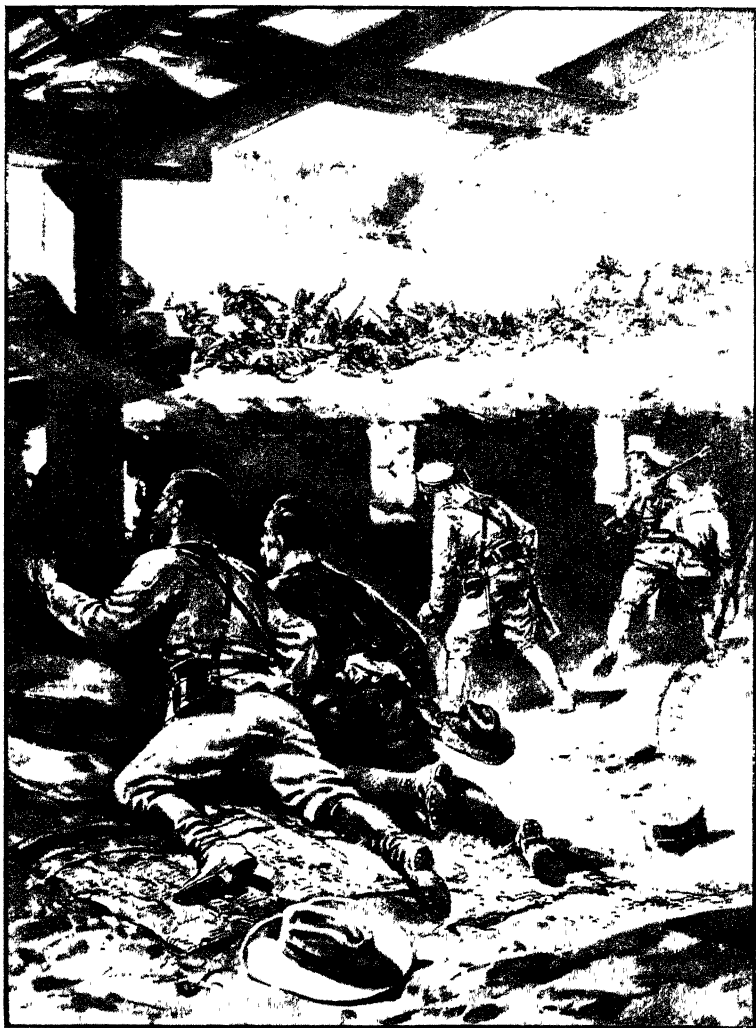
It gives me quite a thrill to pass over the historic ground of August 21 and 23, when the heroic seventy made their gallant dash for the casemate of the fort, and wrecked the machine-guns with their hand-grenades. The position, though four weeks have passed since its capture, is still a warm corner, for its rear trench confronts the enemy's sharp-shooters, who are entrenched within fifty yards of the Chinese Wall, which passes below the Boudisan, or Watch Tower Hill. The traverses are teeming with men ready for any possible assault from the Russians. Bullets are continually singing over our heads, and showers of shrapnel rend the air ; for that rear trench is practically a bone of contention night and day, and is the target of the Russian fire from both front and flanks. The Russians have rushed it time after time, holding it for a few minutes, until they are driven back to their lines below the wall. Through the day the maimed bodies of the sentries keeping guard by the shattered parapets are noiselessly brought down on dripping stretchers to the surgeons below ; or, with a blanket to hide their rigid faces and stiffening limbs, they lie in the shadow of the trench through the terrible noonday heat till night allows their comrades to give them decent burial. Those who survive the terrible watch in that trench are

relieved every half-hour, for the colonel told me that he could not expect his men to stand the awful strain of that bloody sentry-go for a longer period.

We inquire if we might visit the position, which I at once christen the 'Thirty-minute trench.' There is a slight hesitation on the part of the genial colonel; but on our assurance that we shall absolve him from any responsibility regarding our safety, he practically tells us that our blood may be upon our own heads—and consents. Only two are allowed to proceed at a time, for the enemy are sure shots. So I start with a comrade, with ten yards interval between us, towards the zone of fire. Taking our bearings from an officer who steals on in our front, we pause when he stops, take cover when he makes signs, advance at the double, or slowly nurse the wall by the parallel. The sun is beating down upon us in a pitiless manner, the air is close and oppressive; in spite of the sanitary state of the fort—which is marvellous considering the men cannot move an inch outside its parapets—the air soon becomes more oppressive and absolutely nauseating.

'Please excuse,' whispers the officer conducting us (for no voice is now raised above a whisper, as we are within hearing of the Russian sentries), 'if the scent be too bad; but we cannot help it.'

We peep between the planks supporting a bomb-proof shelter. It is a gruesome sight; the bodies have been there for months glistening in the sun. The Russians will not allow us to sprinkle the ghastly heap with



THE THIRTY MINUTE TRENCH

wholesome earth. As I look at this weird sight I remember a similar scene in similar weather in the same latitude. The Russians suffered in the way the Japs do to-day when holding the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna, in 1877. The Turks would not allow them to bury their dead. It made the situation more terrible for the Russian outposts to face the festering heaps of their dead comrades, night and day for four weary months, before the fall of that fortress.

It is, however, a dangerous game, nevertheless. For the little men facing these horrors on Ban-u-san will not be cowed by a barbarous Turkish trick; they will fight all the better. They take it as a stimulant; for the spirits of those uncremated bodies, lying stark to the sun, are now ever at the elbows of their living comrades, urging them to do the last offices to their material remains, so that they may gain eternal peace in the Shinto Shades.

The sentries in that appalling place are moving about like caged animals, stealthily creeping from one loop-hole to another; getting a snap-shot at the slightest movement of any living thing at the opposite side of the parapet, and then quickly dive for cover. The slightest sign of animation from our trench, or the sound of a voice, will bring a deadly volley from the enemy's marksmen. The bullets plunge into the sand-bags, splinter the stout timber shelter-frames, and the ricochets, spurting in their erratic course from all quarters as they strike sand-bag and rock, make me come to the conclusion that I was never before in quite such a hell

as this Thirty-minute trench. I take much less than the allotted time of the sentries' guard to do my work and gracefully retire, having seen enough for one forenoon.

Of course, as usual, when we get back to headquarters we find an excellent luncheon provided for us, and General Oyshima presents us with some sweetmeats which his wife has made and just sent from Tokio. I am introduced to Major-General Ichinobe, the officer who eventually succeeded in occupying the fort after the terrible assault of the Japanese last month. But for his dark skin, made darker by the tan of the sun, he might be taken for a European, for his stature is above the ordinary Japanese, and the strength and expression of his face remind me of my late friend and comrade, Archibald Forbes.

The Toss turns up to luncheon, gets much excited with good fare, and then, as usual, has a fit of generosity. He takes a great fancy to one little officer who is excessively polite to him, pats him on the back, and pulls out his card-case :

‘There, that’s where you’ll find me—the Junior, you know. Tell you what, when you come to England you let me know. We’ll have a good time. We also have got some fine *geishas*, I can assure you. I’ll take you to the Alhambra. Then you must come and stay with me at my place in the country. Tell you what, we’ll go and see the Autumn Manœuvres!’

I look at him in astonishment. The audacity of the man! Here were we, seeing some of the biggest

fighting of the century, and he suggests, as amusement, the Autumn Manceuvres.

The officer he addresses is smiling and bowing, not quite understanding what he means ; but another by my side has out at once his pocket English dictionary, and turns the pages over rapidly. At last he stops :

‘Ah!’ he says, gazing at the Toss ; ‘yours is an agricultural district. The autumnal manuring—most interesting.’

We do not contradict him, letting it go at that.

September 25.—Quiet day ; but few shells, and those mostly Russian, thrown into our valley. Barry, who has got another story, rushes in for tea and a pot of jam, and has to hurry away again, for he had left his soldier, from whom he was getting the material, in the middle of a terrible shrapnel fire, when his appetite for the preserve compelled him to leave the poor fellow. General Nogi has, I hear, sent another bottle of brandy to each war correspondent. Mine has not yet arrived ; I wonder if it has been looted *en route* ? Regret to hear that Melton Prior has been compelled to leave the front with an attack of dysentery.

Goto calls, for a chat, and tells me that six of the Osaka big guns are now in position, but the ammunition has not yet arrived. Wish it would come soon, for I am getting tired of this siege.

The harvest moon is splendid to-night ; Goto and I take a walk before supper to look at her mellow disc. The sturdy Manchurian husbandmen are busily

threshing corn. The yellow maize, beaten out of its husks, lies piled on the smooth mud floor, looking like a mass of burnished gold, as the sun takes a last peep at it before leaving the valley. Naked children are playing around the golden pyramids of grain, imitating, with their wee voices, the incessant singing of the passing shells, with a final bang for the bursting. One little mimic has got the hammer of the machine-guns by heart, to the intense delight of his companions.

Find brandy, vieux cognac, when I return to my diggings.

September 26.—‘Is that you, Chosan?’

‘Allee littee Master.’

‘Good; I thought it was the cat again after the stew. How on earth did you get in? Oh, yes; I remember. Barry San had a bath in the antechamber, and left the hall door open. What! water boiling? I wish you would not break up those biscuits, Chosan; I would rather do that job myself. My fingers, I feel, are cleaner than yours after messing about with the fire; anyway, if not, it’s my own dirt, which is more or less a comfort.’

Slight rain during the night has made the morning hazy. There is the usual greeting from the Russian batteries, and no answer from the Japanese. The fighting during the night was, as I expected, the enemy attempting to molest the sappers at work. Just heard how Major-General Yamamoto, of the 1st Brigade of the First Division, met his death; he was shot through the

head in a trench at the foot of the 203 Metre Hill. There is considerable hammering in the antechamber, and I discover that Chosan is struggling to make a fresh meat ration, which has just been sent from headquarters, into a tender steak for consumption. Still, when the midday meal arrives the perpetual stew is brought on, but by way of variety, and a concession to Barry's nationality, it is called by Chosan, 'Ilish.' I send word to my young friend of the honour done him, but the answer is that he can't trouble about lunch for he is in the throes of a three thousand words story, and that he will take a pot of marmalade instead, to inspire him for a title.

'Any more to eat, Chosan? This meat is too tough.'

'Lice have got, Master.'

'Yes,' I answer, 'I guessed as much. Oh! beg pardon, Chosan, I forgot; bring it along.'

How is it, I wonder, that Chinamen can never pronounce the letter 'r'?

Barry does not turn up until after dark; when he at last arrives:

'Hello,' he cries, as he sees three candles stuck in Hirano-water bottles, 'what an illumination! Whose birthday is it?'

Chosan explains that he has fixed them up in honour of the full moon.

'Ah,' cries Barry, 'there ought to be a story in that for me. How poetical!' And then he vigorously sets to on jam and rice.

'Don't fill up on that stuff,' I cry. 'There is stew to

come.' But he doesn't hear me; he is full of his latest.

'You know,' he murmurs, between the mouthfuls, 'there is nothing like a beginning and an end to a good story'; and he looks up in triumph. 'I have got them both, and a bully snap at the finish.'

'Well,' I answer, 'I am ready; let me have them.'

'Oh! it's about a soldier who had the optic nerve paralysed by the blow of the butt-end of a Russian rifle in the Ban-u-san trench. You know—the fellow who lay helpless, with shattered legs, and saw a Russian soldier steal in.'

'My dear Barry,' I remonstrate, 'your nationality crops up sometimes in a most remarkable manner. Now, in these distressing circumstances, how on earth could he see?'

'Of course,' he exclaims hotly, 'the man had his legs injured first; and it was the Russian he saw who gave him the clout over the head and played the devil with his optic nerve. But, here, if you chip in, in that brutal way, I cannot tell you the story.'

However, Goto turns up at this moment with his budget of headquarters news, and the tale is postponed.

September 27.—I go over to see my colleagues at the foot of Ho-o-shan, and find them all in good fettle, only irritated by the fact that no copy can be sent away. They are full up with good material for the British breakfast table, but cannot cable it; but I suggest, to comfort them:

‘The copy will last; we are better off than our *confrères* with the Second Army, who, disgusted at not being allowed within ten miles of the fighting line, have most of them returned to Japan and Europe. For we are permitted to see everything, and to go anywhere but in one direction, and that is the way out of Manchuria.’

At present, correspondents and military attachés are practically prisoners, held, of course, with a silken cord, until hostilities cease round Port Arthur. This action on the part of the authorities is perfectly sound and reasonable, for, naturally, all Japanese movements at the moment must be kept secret. Making my way back to my village, I notice, on passing near the camp of the Osaka regiment, that newly-arrived contingents from Japan are drawn up in mimic battle. Some are scaling the heights of the adjacent hill, dashing from cover to cover and, finally, with loud shouts of ‘Banzai,’ charging imaginary foes; preparing, in fact, for the real thing that might happen only a few hours later. In the camp men are gathered in little groups round their officers, intently listening to lectures on the behaviour of soldiers in the field, the way to preserve their health, and other little details. The men all seem to take the keenest interest in these talks, which occur daily throughout General Nogi’s army.

Call at the sutler’s for anything fresh in the way of food. He has a case of Russian liquor—Chinese loot from Dalny—and offers me a bottle at a ridiculously reduced rate. The weather is, however, too hot for

Russian vodki, which is generally a throat scorching ; so I leave it for someone else.

6.30 P.M. I state the time, for an incident occurs which is worthy of notice. A shell bursts near our village, the *débris*, coming over the cottage opposite, sprinkles the wall of my shelter, and the finer dust is blown through the open window, and settles on the paper on which I am writing. Chosan, who gives a sharp cry of astonishment, hurries in, and, busily brushing it away, says, in his characteristic speech :

‘ Russian no good, all same.’

‘ Quite right, my boy,’ said I, ‘ let’s hope their missiles will be “ all same ” and no closer.’

There is no harm done, but it is a bit disconcerting ; and I wonder if the Russians have taken our village for that of the headquarters, which is only half a mile in our rear. If so we shall have a lively time while the enemy are searching with their shells for General Nogi and his Staff.

Barry, with a sigh, after opening another pot of jam, has finished his Major-General Yamamoto story. A wonderful gift of local colour the boy has. He has cremated this officer beautifully, and the scene is most affecting and soul stirring. Chosan comes in and says ‘ That he no meat have got for supper,’ and is going to fix up a rice pudding instead. I hope he will be careful, for the last he made had a distinctly crematorial flavour about it ; but, after all, when a cook has only a biscuit-tin to bake with, accidents will occur.

Very little news to-day. 203 Metre Hill is still a warm corner, for the Japs have made good their slight foothold by diligently entrenching. No more shells in the corn-patch to-night, that's a blessing. Goto has just brought the information that six fish torpedoes were found in the Lunette Forts on the 20th. The Russians must be getting short of mining material if they have to fall back on their navy in this way.

September 28. —I hear Barry's voice outside :

'Master not up yet?'

'Allee same sleepe,' says Chosan, as he blows vigorously at the corn-stalks to make a blaze for the kettle.

'All right,' I shout; 'come in, I am awake.'

'Well, how's this?' chimes in my young friend; 'it's seven by my Waterbury, and you are generally up at daybreak.'

'Fact is, Barry, that I had a remarkable dream last night, and am dead tired. Why, man, I've been in Port Arthur, and had quite an experience!'

'Say, that's bully; what a story!'

'No, you don't, Barry, it's all copyright; it is my own.'

'Well, go ahead; let's have it,' he growls, as he scrapes a stick of chocolate for breakfast.

'You know the long building with a tall chimney, in the valley, lying close in to Port Arthur, that we have so many times theorised about?'

'Yes,' said Barry; 'it's the electric generating station.'

‘I know it is, man, because I was in it last night—only a few hours ago, in fact. The Japs had been shelling it, so I went over to see what damage was done.’

‘It’s a wonder you didn’t get shot,’ interrupted Barry; ‘most dangerous place.’

‘That is the beauty of it; you can see all these things without any harm in dreams. But if I am to continue this story you will have to keep your tongue from wagging,’ I remark.

‘All right; go ahead.’

‘Well, as I looked through the window of the building I found the dynamo was completely wrecked, and the fly-wheel twisted out of gear into the shape of a corkscrew, and, as I was peering into the darkness caused by the shade of the moon, down among the wreckage was that black dog. You remember him, Barry? The one that was shot through the body, and that mysteriously came down our alley apparently for me to do something for him. We, you know, thought it strange at the time, for all the Manchurian dogs bark at white men and will not come near. I instructed two Chinamen, who followed the animal, to wash his wounds. And that was all I could do for him. The poor brute died, you know, the following night, after yelping in great pain all the day. When I went to look for him the next morning he had disappeared—whether our Manchurian friends here had turned him into chow, and had swallowed him, I cannot tell; but there was

no sign of him having been seen until last night, when he wagged his tail at me down in that engine-room. I must say it made me feel a bit creepy, and I hesitated stepping through the window, but the dog seemed really glad at seeing me, so I pulled myself together and descended. In pulling myself together I always light a cigarette, when in a critical situation, and I had just struck a match when a voice by my side said:

““After you, please.” It startled me a bit; but I replied:

““Certainly, with pleasure”; and I found a tall, good-looking Russian officer, with his breast stuck full of decorations, standing in front of me.

““Glad to see you, Villiers,” said he, in a most affable and familiar manner; “my name is Stössel.” You can imagine, Barry, that I was fairly staggered. Here was copy. The great General himself!

““Come into my office, and I will introduce you to my Staff.” As I entered the room a number of general officers were seated at a table drinking and smoking. Among them were the great Skobelev, Todleben, Gourko, and other heroes of the old Plevna days, many of whom are now dead.

““No doubt,” said Stössel, “you have met these gentlemen before? You see, Villiers, I have the best of advice, and with a Staff like this I am going to make Port Arthur the centre of attraction of the whole world, and make good sensational copy for you gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. Now have a drink.”

‘I noticed they were taking stout and champagne—most decidedly gouty, but a very good tippie, I can assure you. The curious thing was, and it seems absolutely too absurd, that the corkscrew-twisted flywheel was utilised in drawing the corks of the bottles. These things happen in dreams.

“How lucky,” cried Stössel, “you are just in time for the ball; we will show you how we do things in Port Arthur in these trying times.”

“But, General, I cannot turn up at a dance in this rig-out.” At that very moment I felt the black dog rub himself against my gaiters, and vigorously wag his tail; and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the most perfectly fitting dress suit you can imagine. What do you think? There was also a chrysanthemum in my buttonhole! The curious thing about this transformation was that it didn’t seem the slightest bit strange to me, neither did the familiar manner in which the General treated me. It was a spacious hall in which the dance took place. I think the address given the cabby who drove us was somewhere on the Tiger’s Tail. As the electric light had been cut off from the town the room was illuminated by means of searchlights and star bombs, that were silently bursting and slowly descending to the floor, scattering broadcast their brilliant petals of light, making the costly jewels of the women and the decorations on the breasts of the officers sparkle and scintillate like stars and planets as they waltzed round the room.

“How strange, Mr. Villiers, that we should meet in this out-of-the-way place after so many years,” whispered a voice by my elbow. I turned in surprise, and recognised Madame de N——, a famous Russian lady diplomatist of many years ago.

“My dear Madame,” I cried, “this is indeed a pleasure. Why, it is quite a quarter of a ——”

“Stop,” she almost shrieked, “don’t trouble about dates.”

‘I hesitated, and stuttered: “I was going to say it was about a quarter of an hour since we last met,” for she had not changed in the least.

‘She did not resent this silly compliment, which, of course, could only be tolerated in a dream.’

‘Don’t know so much about that,’ chimed in Barry; ‘women like outrageous compliments.’

‘Well, it was a fact; she had not altered in the least since the days when she, with her handsome presence and clever tongue, influenced, it is said, Mr. Gladstone to withhold England from interfering in the Russo-Turkish troubles, nearly thirty years ago.

“Will you sit out a dance with me?” she asked, and we walked towards a divan.

“Now tell me what you have been doing lately,” she continued; “but be very careful not to talk too loudly, for you see that young man with a downy moustache following us like our shadow, he is the Daily ———what do you call it?—young gentleman, and a terror for picking up news.”

““ Now, Villiers,” chipped in the cheery voice of Stössel, how do you think we are getting on here ? ”

““ Wonderfully, considering the circumstances,” I replied.

““ Yes,” said the General, “ we must keep their hearts up, you know, so I give these little affairs every week. I think these entertainments are just the thing. You see we can run in a change of diet at the same time, for the poor things ”—and he waved his hand in the direction of the dancers, who certainly looked rather thin and wan—“ are on half rations ; but on these occasions we give them waffles. We have plenty of flour, you know, and I think waffles are tasty things, don’t you ? ” He did not wait for an answer, but went on : “ And they have saké, too ; the drink came into port by mistake. The junk that was bound for Dalny was driven in by stress of weather, and was full of this beastly stuff. Neither my Staff nor I can touch it, so we give it away on these occasions. It seems to make them lively and forget their troubles for a time.” Stössel was running on in this strain when Madame de N—— broke in :

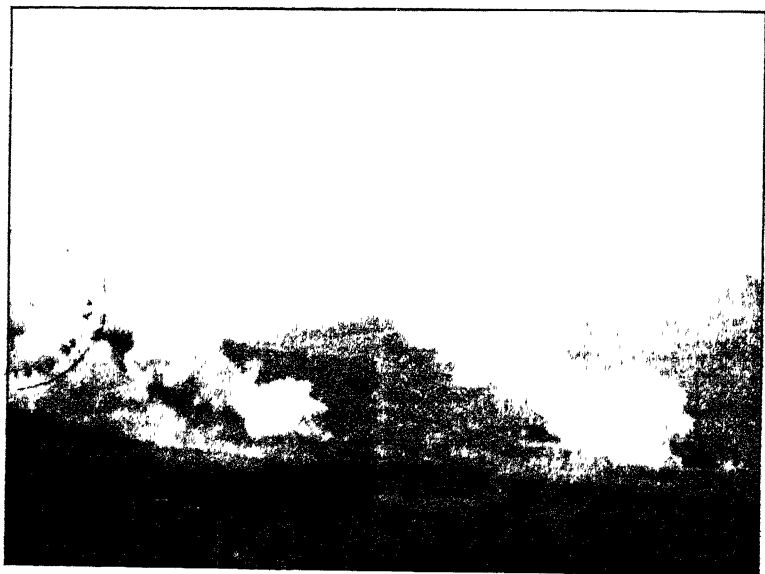
““ I wish you would not talk so much shop, *mon bon* General. Mr. Villiers will wish himself back with his friends the Japanese.”

“ I started, for it was the first time they had been mentioned during my visit.

““ Ha ! ha ! ” cried the General, as if he had quite forgotten. “ You mean those little folk outside. Plucky fellows, good fighters, wonderful ! Twenty-seven thou-



PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK



OSAKA BABIES OPEN THEIR MOUTHS
The 11-inch Mortars

sand casualties last month alone! Look what my august Master cabled me this morning for that business." And he dangled the snow-white Cross of St. George between his fingers. I looked at him in astonishment. "Sent to you by cable?" said I. The General laughed heartily. "Of course not; the cable is cut. I meant by the new process. What do you call it?—the 'wireless.' Ah! that's it, we have lately installed it between here and Chefoo. Holy Saints! what's that!" he cried, with a look of consternation.

'With one accord we all started to our feet, as a noise like a loud thunder-clap, followed by a whirlwind, rent the air. I knew what it was, but I was not going to tell. It was one of the 11-inch mortars the Japs had had up their sleeve for some time, and had just opened fire with on the town. I woke up, with my bed rocking in the blast.'

September 31.—A shrapnel has burst within a hundred yards of the battery; here comes another in the same place. All this I can observe from my table as I write. I am rather pleased at my choice of a cottage, for there is not a shell fired down in the valley that I cannot see. Three of the enemy's principal forts are also in full view, and the wind brings the infantry firing so near that every little outpost affair can be easily known to me.

In my front I look on to the Ninth Division. On my left is the Eleventh, and on my right is the First. The village is in the centre of the Jap position, which

stretches from sea to sea, a distance of ten miles, and, as the crow flies, the fighting is not more than a mile and a quarter away. It is, therefore, an excellent centre from which one can get to the immediate scene of operations in a few minutes.

Ah! here comes another shrapnel! But, as in the game of hide-and-seek, it is hardly warm enough for the big guns, it has instead burst over a little batch of tents snugly pitched in the fold of the hill, and, by the movement of some of their occupants, at least the canvas must have been perforated. I must close the window if I wish to get on with my work. As it is, so many things disturb one in the ordinary way. There's the donkey in the front yard next door, so that he should not get giddy, turning a grindstone blindfolded; just now he works from dawn to sunset. One becomes so used to the monotonous churning of the mill that, when the donkey stops, I seem to be pulled up with a jerk, which scatters my thoughts, and I have to wait till that ass goes round again before I can collect them.

The Russians are very silent this afternoon, and have stopped their shrapnel fire. I go over to get a letter censored by Yamaguchi. I find him alone in his tent. 'By-the-by,' says he, 'here's a chit for you.'

I take the envelope and look at it.

'Guess who it's from before you open it.'

'From the Staff,' say I, 'because there's no post-mark.'

‘No ; try again.’

I open it and then pass it to the interpreter ; knowing, however, that he has already gone through it.

It is from Emerson, the American correspondent. He came *via* Louisa Bay with a young Belgian artist named Smet Van de Jerberghe, and both had quite an adventure. They left Chefoo in a junk bound for Port Arthur, on the 21st inst., and were eventually wrecked. On being picked up by a German steamer they were landed on Miato Island, about twenty-five miles from their goal. Here they lived with some fisherfolk for a few days, till at last they were able to find a boat which they could row, and they started for Port Arthur. On the night of the 28th the small craft got into a whirlpool off the Liaotishan promontory. Luckily the men at the lighthouse saw her and telephoned to the Russian officials in the town. Three torpedo-boats were sent on the boat's course, and managed to pick them up just in time, for they were in a pitiable condition, and on the verge of foundering. On being brought into the fortress they were treated most generously by the Russians, who lent them wearing apparel while their own was drying. General Stössel ordered them to be taken round the positions, and shown everything of interest ; after which they dined with him, and horse-steak was one of the dishes. A Japanese shell burst in the compound while they were eating, and the General told them that that incident generally happened when he was at his breakfast ; but probably this change in the time of its arrival

was in honour of their coming. The adventurers said that they were the first to acquaint Stössel of the defeat of Kuropatkin at Liaoyang, and also that the Baltic Fleet had not yet left Libau. This information seemed to depress him more than the former. The General had been keeping up the spirits of the civilian element *by giving a dance every Sunday*, and ordering the military bands to play on the parade each day. I thought of my dream a few nights back ; it was rather a curious coincidence, and it seemed stranger still when I heard that there was plenty of flour in the town, which accounted for the waffle incident. Stössel had no objection to the correspondents remaining during the siege, but the good-natured chief was overruled by General Smirnoff, and they were obliged to go. They were placed again in their row boat, and started in the night back to Chefoo, with muffled oars to avoid being caught by the Japanese ; but a vigilant Jap torpedo-boat picked them up, they were transferred to a gun-boat which brought them to Louisa Bay, and the two men were immediately sent on to Nogi's headquarters. Here they were entertained for a day, and then sent back to the Jap gun-boat, when they were taken on to Sasebo.

October 2.—The fighting that commenced last night at ten o'clock lasted until five this morning. About 1 A.M. a general action with the 9th Division seemed to be taking place, so I hurried to my point of vantage to the left of the valley. It was a Russian sortie from the Eastern Cockscomb Fort, on rather a larger scale than

usual, on the Japanese parallel workers. The fight, which was a close one, lasted nearly six hours. All these night attacks are most dramatic spectacles, the searchlights flooding the valleys or illuminating the hill-tops, and the star bombs silently bursting and gently descending, spreading broadcast their incandescent points—the reddish glare of the cannon-fire, the brighter flare of the spluttering shrapnel, the hammer of the pom-poms, the rhythmical gurgle of the Maxims, and the shouts and yells of the combatants. Last night and through the small hours until dawn this pandemonium lasted, and was noisy enough to arouse the dead; and yet of all our village I was the only one awake and watching. The hamlet lay dark and silent but for the incessant yelping of the dogs, which were not disturbed by the noise of the battle that was going on but a mile off, but indignant at my ghostly appearance when all respectable folk ought to be in bed. In the flickering, uncertain light it was difficult to make out what was taking place, more than that, like an avalanche, the Russians had shot down from the topmost trench of the Eastern Fort on to the Japs sapping and mining on the glacis below. A similar move by the enemy occurred the previous night, and the front workers with pick and shovel were annihilated; but, last evening, General Oshima was prepared for them. The wonder was that the Russians should risk the game twice running; still, it was an excellent bluff. The Japs, however, saw the hand, and the result was that the Muscovites retired

with considerable loss. Things are very quiet this morning, both belligerents taking a well-earned rest.

Chosan, who has gone with Barry to Dalny, has left me plenty of stew to be warmed up, giving me instructions, in his quaint lingo, how to ignite the corn-stalk fuel, and, what is most important, how to keep it alight. Don't think I clearly understood him, for the whole place is in an intolerable state of smoke, and I am obliged to eat the stuff, cold, on the stoop outside. The only trouble about having a good servant is that one gets pampered and too dependent on his assistance. The little beast of a boy Chosan has left as help has not yet turned up, and I have to keep things straight myself. He always has an incipient cold in the head, and he has no handkerchief to make his face decent. I broke him, the other day, of drinking out of the gourd we use as dipper in our jar of water for domestic use. But when he is assistant cook, and told to keep the flies off the food in the course of preparation, it is difficult to make him understand not to slay the flies on that on which they are feeding, and then brush them off with his dirty hand.

October 3.—They ought to be ready for action in the course of ten days; then something will be done. For they say they are only waiting for the guns. I expect Barry and our Chinaman back from Dalny to-day. I hope they won't disappoint me, for Chosan's stew, which he left me to warm up, is about through. Have just heard that Togo's fleet has captured a junk making for Port Arthur with 6,000 bottles of beer on board. I am

sorry for the Russians. I hope that the famous Admiral has not found my sardines on that craft, as he inadvertently did Barry's preserves a few weeks back.

The wind has dropped considerably this afternoon. Oh! what a chance the Japs have missed. They might, if they had been ready, have gone on that hurricane straight into Port Arthur. It was a steady gale, of about ninety miles an hour, in the teeth of the enemy.

October 4.—Barry and Chosan arrive from Dalny with two coolies loaded with stores. My young friend insists on unpacking the box in my room, so that I shall feast my eyes on all the good things. They are soon displayed upon the floor, and, I must say, make a brave show—ten pots of jam, two for me and eight for Barry; a Bologna sausage; four boxes of sardines; two packets of candles, and an Edam cheese in a stout tin; I at once see the latter will make an excellent saucepan to augment our culinary utensils.

'By Jove, Barry,' I cry, 'you have done marvellously well.'

'Guess I have. Why, I have hunted every hole and corner of Dalny for that lot. But the best is to come; bring the sack along.' It was emptied on the floor; out rolled onions, potatoes, apples and buns.

'What do you think of these?' pointing to the buns. 'Only made this morning; here, pinch one.'

I do. It is quite a sensation to feel clean, soft dough, after weeks of splitting one's teeth on iron rations.

'But, cries Barry, 'what do you think? Wonderful

luck. I have seen Kodama. Yes, and have interviewed him, too.'

'The brains of the army! The great Kodama! You don't mean it.'

'Yes,' he continued. 'Wait till I get at the jam, and I'll tell you.'

Three pots were soon ripped open, and with a spoon in his hand my friend, after tasting the flavour of strawberry, black currant, and marmalade, commences his story.

'When I left you yesterday, Chosan and I arrived at the station some time before the train. Goto was on the platform also *en route* for Dalny. Presently he comes up to me and says, "General Kodama, who is on his journey back to Liaoyang, has noticed you, and wants to speak to you." Just imagine, Villiers, my delight at the prospect of such copy.'

'How did he look?'

'Well, I didn't see much of him, for it was dark; but he was in a big fur coat and a braided red cap, that told me he was a Lieutenant-General. He took me by the hand—his was a tiny little fist—and he shook mine in real earnest. He was smoking a big cigar, and smiled at me between the puffs. Presently a thin man in spectacles—his secretary—came up from the group of officers which had fallen behind as Kodama met me, and the General notified him to tell me that he had not seen a foreigner for three months. He remembered me being with other correspondents at

the Sheba Palace in Tokio, and asked me to come and see him the next day in Dalny, where he would rest for a day before his long journey northward. "What time," said I. "About nine," said the General.

'By Jove, what luck!' I cry; 'go ahead.'

'Well, what do you think: I suppose I was so excited that I forgot the hour, and I turned up about five in the afternoon instead. Took Goto with me, and sent in my card in fear and trembling that the great man would take my stupidity as an affront. But, no; I was told to wait, and was shown into the official room of the Russian Mayor of Dalny—you know, the big ornate building where the foreign attachés were lodged before we started for the front, the house with the seven pianos, that were all out of tune owing to the Chinese brigands hunting in them for secreted treasure. Well, they ruined the pianos, but left the house intact, and Kodama was there. I waited and waited, thinking that after all he would never come. Presently, from a side door, a little man approached me in a *kimono*, with a small knife in his hand paring his nails. He had just come from his evening bath, he said, as we shook hands; sorry to keep me waiting—and, what a relief—Villiers, he made no mention of my mistaking the hour! He was all smiles and affability, and his dark, handsome little face and neck had taken the deeper tan of the campaigner since I met him in Tokio. He soon came to business, strode up to the big mayoral chair, dropped his sandals on the floor, climbed into the russet depths

of the official seat, and curled his little brown legs in the folds of his gown, then evidently pumped Goto thoroughly regarding myself, in his own lingo, and turned to me. You know, Villiers, I could hardly realise, on looking at that wee figure, shrunk in the folds of the *kimona*, that it could be the figure-head of the great war; the man the whole Japanese Empire depended on for the success of the campaign; the Goliath of organisation we have heard so much about——'

'Yes, I can understand that,' I hastily rejoined; 'but, man, what did he say?'

'Why, simply: "What can I do for you, Mr. Barry?"' This somewhat staggered me, but I pulled myself together, and said: "Can you tell me anything about Port Arthur?"

"Oh! the fortress will fall!" And he stretched out his little nervous hand and straightened the palm. "I hold it here, in the hollow of my hand. Port Arthur is strong—very strong; but we will take it."

'I thought I would get him down to the possible time, so I said: "Where will the army winter? You have not yet commenced to make preparations, and the keen, freezing, Manchurian north wind will soon sweep the country."

"We will winter inside. We will take Port Arthur soon, don't worry." He had lighted a cigar and was puffing it vigorously. "You know, we are getting as many of our big guns up as possible; some opened fire yesterday—the Osaka mortars. The Russians cannot

fire on our ships with theirs—the range is too great; they have turned them landward, and we have opposed them with ours, so we are about equal on that score; and our force is about three to one of the Russians, which, considering we are besiegers, is about equal regarding the fighting factor. It is now a question of strategy.”

‘Of course, he told me much more; but that will give you some idea of what the great Kodama thinks of the situation.’

‘You are, indeed, a lucky fellow, Barry, to meet the great man; and I congratulate you. Kodama has always avoided the war correspondent, and is at the back of all the delay we have suffered for the last six months in getting to see anything of the fighting. What has changed his views, I wonder?’

‘Don’t know,’ says Barry, ‘he seemed to go out of his way to be civil to me.’

October 5.—The mail has just arrived with a full budget—five letters, all in the same handwriting, for Barry, which he quickly stows away in his pocket.

‘Hullo,’ I cry, ‘something sweeter than jam, eh?’

‘You bet,’ he replies; ‘not heard from her for three months. I’m off to my shanty to have a quiet read.’

With the mail came two shells, which burst halfway between our cottage and the battery. They must be from their coast-defence guns, for mud and stones shoot up for fifteen feet. Why are the Russians fooling about with these precious projectiles otherwise than for wrecking our artillery? I suppose the same old game—a

contingent of wounded up from the Ninth Division, even a man or a mule will sometimes draw their fire. I go out to see. Find about thirty-five men on stretchers with their Chinese bearers lying by their side, all apparently dead or wounded. In another moment up jump the coolies, who gently raise the stretchers and quickly trail off again towards the head-quarters hospital. Wish they wouldn't run the wounded through our village. Rather rough on the inhabitants, for some unscrupulous Muscovite officer may bring all the houses to the ground with a 10-inch shell one of these fine afternoons.

October 6.—Woke up twice during the night, thinking that the Russians must have some new gun that they were trying on the Jap position. Presently a flash illuminated my room; a different hue from the yellow flicker on the whitewash wall which comes when the Russian guns are at work. Soon a hail of sleet struck the paper panes of my window, which rattled like kettle-drums with the beating of the ice pellets.

Thunder and rain are unusual at this season, but, luckily for the farmers, the harvest, with the exception of the buck-wheat, which is still on the ground, is practically gathered and the grain garnered. The millet, the last to come, is still lying against the fences and walls of the cottages to ripen more fully in the full flood of the sun, and is being shorn of its purple brown heads; I watch a peasant snipping, as I thought with his fingers, the tops of the stately golden stalks, for they stand over eight feet high. I try my hand at it, but

with little success, and then I find that a sharp piece of iron is gripped in the palm of the snipper, which is the reason of his dexterity.

The oldest of the old-world agricultural implements are used by the farmers of Manchuria. The most primitive kind of flail threshes the corn. A stone, dragged by a blindfold donkey, crushes out the millet. A donkey or boy works the grindstone—which is thousands of years old in design; and the housewife sifts the flour and cooks the cakes as probably Eve did for Adam, but in a costume much more adaptable to the climate of to-day.

9.30. The rain has cleared, and there is bright sunshine once more. What a lovely climate this is. No wonder the Russians took a fancy to the place; for richness and depth of soil there is no country I have yet seen like it. Chosan is ill to-day; late last night he came to me for brandy. I am afraid that he had too good a time in Dalny, for he tells me:

‘Inside is no topside; chow five minutes have got and chow no have got, no good all same.’

Which I understand perfectly well means that he can’t retain his food.

Barry has been quiet for the last three days, and has not mentioned a story for four-and-twenty hours. This state of affairs can’t last long, for he has started on his jam rations once more, and he must burst in upon me shortly. I have gone into this jam question thoroughly, and I have calculated that a pot of the

delectable preserve, which is approximately a pound·in weight, produces on an average three thousand words of good, wholesome, dramatic, descriptive copy, founded on fact, and tickled up for the palate of his own special public, who are inclined to things yellow, and must and will have them this colour—if not orange, at least lemon.

For instance, my young friend comes rushing in, having accomplished a five-thousand word story during the night.

‘Say, how do you like this title, Villiers? Listen!’

“FROM KITTEN TO TIGER,

IN CAMP TO TRENCH.

CORRESPONDENTS VISIT FIRING LINE AT PORT ARTHUR,
AND COME BACK WITH VIVID ACCOUNT OF
JAPANESE FORTITUDE.”’

‘Excellent,’ say I; ‘but it’s a wee bit sensational, as we call it.’

‘Can’t help it,’ replied Barry. ‘They must have head-lines on my paper; and a good title is everything.’

‘Where does the cat come in?’ I meekly inquire.

‘Why, don’t you see, man? You must be half-awake. Don’t you remember the smiling, cheery little fellows in the parallels whom we passed as we went up into the fort of Ban-u-san, so glad to see us? There comes in the kitten.’

I rub my eyes. ‘Yes, go on,’ said I.

‘Then, surely you saw the wonderful change and gesture of the men when in the Thirty-minute trench.

Did you not notice their cunning, eager, even ferocious, look as they stealthily stole from loophole to loophole, raised their rifles and fired, and then leaped back and crouched behind the sand-bags? Why, man, there is my tiger!’

‘Yes, by Jove!’ I cry; ‘you have the simile all right; and the strain of that living hell that they could not stand for more than half an hour; the stench of the unburied dead; the bursting shrapnel; the crazy, eccentric shriek of the ricochets—oh, yes; there comes in their fortitude. That’s all right. But tell me the brand of American preserve on which you primed yourself for that effort?’

‘Now, then,’ returned Barry, rather warmly, ‘no reflection on American fruit packing; and, if you want to know, it was Cross and Blackwell. See?’

‘Marmalade for tone,’ I murmur, but I don’t think my young friend hears me, for Chosan, to our surprise, comes in at that moment very weak and pale.

‘Better?’ say I.

‘No,’ he replies.

‘Sorry,’ I return.

‘No, master; all lightee.’

This means that he is not better, but more than better, in fact, quite well; which is a lie, I know. But that’s Chosan all the same, unselfish, and anxious about my comfort. He is still deadly sick, but, knowing the boy-help’s dirty habits get on my nerves, has struggled up to make the afternoon tea.

The latest from Port Arthur is brought into our lines by special spy this morning. The women, children, and civilians have all left the city and are camping in the hills of the promontory, or the old iron mountain. This move was owing to the startling effects of the Japanese 11-inch shells. The city is, but for a few soldiers on guard, entirely deserted. There are no more than ten thousand fighting men to man the numerous forts, and the soldiers are on the verge of mutiny, owing to the almost superhuman work expected of them. If the Japs attack any redoubt east, the men are hurried off in that direction, and then if a western position is assaulted they are hastened to that spot. Night and day they tramp from one place to another, and are expected to be up to their work. The Russian guns, they say, live from hand to mouth, as their shell-rations, like the bread-rations of the troops, are made only for their daily need, for few men can be risked to work in the arsenal, owing to the always threatening fire of the Japanese guns.

October 8.—The big guns are blazing away and the very earth trembles and quakes at the blast. Seemingly, the ordinary time to rise in a Manchurian village is when the babies begin to cry, and there is, I believe, some sort of baby in each house all the year round. The infant next door has begun regularly, for the last month, at 5.30. Then there is the Chinese horse, as the Japanese call it, and there is no more pathetic or stirring sound of a morning than what the impolite call the

SHELLING THE FLEET AND ARSENAL



Songshushan

Antseshan

Etseshan
(or the Chair)

Golden Hill

New Town
(this side hart)

Arsenal

Old Town

Ships on fire

Tiger's Tail

braying of an ass. However, this morning, all these alarms are drowned by the noise of the guns, which have not commenced so early for weeks, for they generally take a rest in the small hours after their night's work.

Ricarlton has gone down the valley to photograph the 11-in. mortars in action ; he has been trying for the last two days, but intervening shells of the enemy have prevented him. It will be interesting if he is able to take a bursting shell in the middle distance ; I should think it would be difficult to focus one in the immediate foreground. I have never tried myself, and don't want to. I can't make out where all the interpreters have gone this morning, so I send Chosan round to ascertain. He comes back and says : ' Four piecee men headquarters have gone.' And I find Ricarlton is about taking a picture of the whole *personnel* of General Nogi ; the photographer is a popular man, and courted by the Japanese officers, and the interpreters are all there. Once, when visiting a certain division, they gave him an eight-course dinner, and then politely asked him to send ten copies each of the pictures he had taken of the General and Staff. The next morning Ricarlton, who one can't say is a mean man, sent them each four copies, and then casually remarked to me :

' I guess I can do with fewer courses when they invite me to dine again, for my printing paper is running short.'

Chosan has astonished us with a dish he calls by a new name, but which we find is simply ' pancakes ' ; but they are very good.

Some 'scrapping' to-night as usual. With one exception the Russians are shelling the 11-inch guns at the end of our valley. Hope they won't forget the range in the dark and drop them into our village; it's quite difficult enough to get a good night as it is. The paper panes of my window have just burst with the concussions. There goes that creaking cart-wheel of a shell lumbering across the valley. Now the machine-guns are at work. It's another sortie, I know, on our sappers and miners. In India I have heard them called the 'suffering miners'; they certainly have a bad time here. The dogs which, up to now, have been indifferent to the noise of the guns, don't like the thunder of the 4.7's at night, and are barking vigorously. They will get used to them after a night or two. I think the Russians would like to draw the fire from our 11-inch guns and find out by the flare where they are; but, of course, the Japs do not respond, the flash would give away their position at once.

I hear that the two battle-ships struck by our mortar shell two days ago are the *Pallada* and *Revitzan*.

October 9.—Good news this morning. Orders are out that everything must be ready for the final attack on the 25th inst. Hope it's true; I am getting tired of these night and day fights with, apparently, no result. On arriving to lunch with General Nogi we are told that an attack is to commence at 3 o'clock on a certain trench; the decision was made this morning, but tiffin will go on all the same. As the invitations are out, the

Ryujubo - Headquarters
of the 3rd Army.
Oct. 7th, 1904.

Dear Sir:

I am desired by General
Baron Nogi to write to you, and
tell you, with his compliments,
that he will be happy, if you will
favour him with your company
at tiffin on Sunday, the 9th inst.,
at one o'clock. He wishes to be-
come more acquainted with you
by having chit-chats.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Y. Yoshioka, Major,
A. D. C.

By Order.

General will not postpone meeting the correspondents. It is a very pleasant affair. I am on the right of Nogi, and have to respond, on behalf of my colleagues, to his toast. The Toss is with us, and, as usual, gets a little excited with the good cheer. Just as the party is breaking up he goes to an interpreter and says:

‘Now, look here. You tell the General straight from me. Exact words, mind.’

The General smiles in anticipation of some courteous expression.

‘Tell him that he must come to England. He can cable me, and I’ll meet the boat. I’ll give him a good time; introduce him to some nice people. By Jove, *we’ll make the man quite famous!*’

Did the interpreter follow out Toss’s instructions, I wonder?

The band is an excellent one, and plays some good selections. The meeting breaks up just as the attack on the position commences; in fact, the big guns accompany the musical instruments during the final selection. Before we go an orderly comes in with the news that the trench in question has been captured, only fifty men and one officer wounded. But fighting continues throughout the afternoon and long after dark. I see some new men busying about headquarters this morning, and find they are of Ouchi’s regiment and were in the attack on Ban-u-san in August. I mention the matter to General Nogi.

‘Yes,’ he says, ‘there are seventeen of them. I am

keeping them here at headquarters, though they are expecting every day to go to the front. They will never go again ; they have done enough for their country. Those men are the only survivors of the regiment, and I shall see that they go back to their wives and families. But it wouldn't do to let them know this, Mr. Villiers, or they might frustrate my plan by committing suicide.'

General Nogi, during a conversation with me, continually expresses his sympathy with General Stössel. He says he is ever thinking of his awkward position, and dreams of him at night, wondering what he would do if the situation were reversed ; and sometimes he will lie awake thinking of what Stössel will do next, for he frankly tells me that he has the greatest admiration for the Russian General's strategy and the manner in which the defensive works of Port Arthur are being carried out.

'It's the pick and shovel that are the weapons now, as I am continually impressing on my troops, who are rather behind in sapping and mining. I know there is a general feeling among the men of the uselessness of all this work, if we are to advance to-morrow ; but the Russians are masters at the game, and we must follow their example. Look,' says the General, as he points to a well-worn pick leaning against the wall, 'there's very little but the stump of it left. I have had this shown to the men, and have ordered them to use their picks as profitably.'

'It is a pity,' I say, 'that General Stössel could not have come to tiffin to-day.'

‘Yes,’ laughs the General; ‘I daresay the fare would be a change for him. The two correspondents who passed through the other day, told me that he breakfasts on horse-steak, to the accompaniment of one of our shells occasionally bursting in his front garden.’

Another officer, with the proverbial courtesy of the Japanese strong upon him, suggests that it would have been hardly polite to ask Stössel to come that afternoon, as they were going to attack his position.

‘Ah, I forgot that,’ say I.

But though these little pleasantries are passing about the Russian general, there is not an officer who does not feel that he would like to embrace the gallant defender of Port Arthur, and give him and all his Staff a hearty welcome.

It is now 9.30. I have just come down from the hill, and all, for the moment, is quiet. I wonder what the result is. The night is pitch dark, the heavy clouds threaten rain; we can only tell by the flash of the shrapnel where the Japs are attacking, as the fire from the rifles is hardly discernible, and the star-lights seem to be pitched too high to be effective. Luckily for the troops there is no wind, and the temperature has become suddenly very mild.

October 10.—I resolve to go to headquarters to find a dentist. ‘Iron rations’ play the deuce with one’s teeth. One of mine has got loose, and has worried me for days.

Find Yamaguchi in his tent, and full of news. No

wonder I was not able to make out last night's fighting. It was more or less a joke played on the Russians by a contingent of Japanese soldiers of the left wing of the Ninth Division. These men, with a few comrades of the right of the Eleventh Division, which of course touches the Ninth, crept up to the enemy's position, and, when close to their trenches, suddenly began shouting, to the full capacity of their lungs, their popular war-song. The Russians, thinking an attack was imminent, rushed into their works and opened fire. Soon pom-poms and machine-guns were in action, blazing away at imaginary enemies in the dark, and presently searchlights played on the hills, and star bombs burst over the valley. Though hardly a shot was fired by the Japs, the Russian artillery set to work, and shells tore the sides of the hills, adding their sudden, reddish glare to the extraordinary sight we had witnessed the previous night. It shows what a nervous state the Russians must be in owing to the strain of the terrible siege, to make all this to-do about nothing.

The whole Japanese line that day had been so elated by the success of the right wing of the Ninth capturing the foremost trench of the Uhlung fort in forty minutes, at the small loss of fifty men and one officer wounded—none were killed—that they could hardly be restrained from attempting to rush the whole Russian position.

The strategical importance of the capture of this trench reminds me of the exploit of Lord Charles Beresford, when I was with him on the *Condor* before

Fort Marabout. The only way we could tackle this huge fort was to run the *Condor* in under her guns, which we did, and the Egyptians could not depress their cannon sufficiently to hull her. The Japs are now in a similar position regarding Fort Niroshan. They are so far under the enemy's machine-guns that they can quickly push forward with pick and shovel without much danger. The men who rushed it yesterday commenced at once to do this, and are now burrowing like moles up the side of the glacis, and this morning we can see the track of their picks by mounds of fresh red earth glistening in the sun.

There is no dentist at headquarters; but the surgeon, in the usual polite manner of the Japanese, apologises to me for lack of proper instruments, as the forceps have all gone up to the First Division this morning for extracting bullets; teeth extraction is at a discount just now, he smilingly adds. So he operates upon me with a tourniquet. Luckily he has some cocaine, and Yamaguchi, in lieu of a dentist's chair, holds my head. I must say, considering the situation, it was an excellent operation.

The Russians are very quiet to-day, after their scare of last night. Only a few shells have been humming along the valley, like mighty malignant wasps, fed on the 'food of the gods' and looking for some one to sting; but they have done no harm.

Chosan is not well again. He tells me, poor fellow, he 'no chow take two days. He five minutes chow take

he ten minutes welly bad here,' and he points to 'his 'Little Mary.' I am afraid he has caught a chill, and he is not well clothed. I must try to find him a cummerbund.

Take some sketches up to headquarters to be censored. The officers are very fond of pictures, and the drawings are in and out the envelopes, as they are passed round to the members of Nogi's Staff, many times before the coveted stamp of the Censor is placed upon them. If they get home without being utterly effaced it will be a wonder. At the same time I feel quite pleased at the interest taken in them, and the testimony to their accuracy.

Chosan has found some mutton to-day, so he says but I doubt it. Both Barry and I think it is the flesh of some new animal that has not yet been revealed to man by the testimony of the Rocks. But the other ingredients in the dish called 'stew,' which the Chinaman is always serving us, make it palatable enough. Barry thinks he might make a story out of that beast, if he could only trace it; but Chosan simply says :

'My no bobberly¹ you. I savvy what's topside all same, Master never mind.'

Very weak gun-fire to-night, with a sprinkling of shots from the outpost. There is a low murmur down by the railway siding. Fatigue parties, of some 150 men, are dragging the newly arrived 11-inch guns to their emplacements. The Russians seem to be rather

¹ Bother.

PRESS CENSOR'S STAMP

staggered with the six already in position. It will be a greater surprise to them when we get the other twelve up from Dalny located in front of their forts. It seems such a hopeless struggle for them. We all have great sympathy for the brave fellows who, when the story is known of their pluck, endurance and privations, will enlist the admiration of the whole world.

October 11.—The naval guns opened fire about 2 A.M., the concussion bursting both my windows open. Chosan has fixed them up in some unaccountable way, and I must leave them open until he arrives in the morning. The room becomes so cold that I am compelled to dress and walk about to keep myself warm. I almost envy my colleagues who are living at the fort of Ho-o-shan. They are no longer under canvas, but have dug cabins in the ravines and, as they have no flimsy paper windows to deal with, are as snug and comfortable as possible.

I take Chosan to the doctor's. It happens to be raining at the time, so I lend him my waterproof. He is quite a figure with his sun-hat, from which hangs his pigtail, and the long waterproof trailing to his heels. They are very civil at headquarters, and send me round with him to the surgeon, who thoroughly overhauls him and gives him some powders, with which he is delighted.

'What does the doctor say, Chosan?'

'Chow to-day must not have got; white-paper-chow before sleep my take.'

As he has only had a cup of rice in two days I

think this rather hard on him ; but he seems much pleased, and very proud of the flannel cholera belt which I have given him.

‘ My all same makee muchee warm here,’ and he pats his stomach.

He tells me that, to show his gratitude, he has smuggled in, while I was out, some bean-stalks, and has made a soft bed for me ; which is a pleasant surprise, as I was absolutely getting sore with the hard mud divan I have been sleeping on for over two months.

‘ Rosy ’ comes over from the dug-out, and says the boys at Ho-o-shan have made quite comfortable mansions in the side of the ravine.

7.30. Heavy guns open fire suddenly over by the First Division, followed by infantry fire, and a general action commences with startling rapidity. Star-bombs and searchlights brightly illumine the valley. I discover that the Japs are attacking the Russian position covering the railway bridge at the curve leading into Port Arthur, and the heavy 11-inch guns for the first time are brought into action at night.

The fighting has lasted about an hour, and they are quieting down now. The Japs have successfully rushed the trenches. Barry, who has been writing his interview with Kodama, suddenly jumps up, swallows a spoonful of strawberry jam, and hastens to the door.

‘ Where are you off to in such a hurry ? ’ say I ; ‘ the fighting’s finished.’

‘ Why, man, most important business,’ returns Barry ;

'must see an interpreter at once. I want to know if Kodama drinks tea, and where he was born; I can't get on with my article without my mind is easy regarding those two points.'

Barry returns disappointed.

'Most unsatisfactory,' says he.

'Why, doesn't he know?'

'It's not that, he wasn't there; and that's what I complain about these interpreters, they ought always to be around to answer important questions. Most unsatisfactory,' he mumbles, as he swallows another spoonful of his beloved preserve, and continues writing.

A soldier of the Ninth Division came to see us to-day, and brought with him a flag, shot through and through, and stained with blood. He was the first man in Ban-u-san, waved the flag for a moment, and was shot. This was the banner that the military attaché and I saw for an instant wave in the redoubt, and as quickly disappear; we were the only two who saw the incident, and the others argued that it could not be so, and that the Japs at that moment had not entered the fort. I was very keen on the point, and there was much discussion about it at the time. Now here is the very man to prove my sight is as good, if not better, than my colleagues.' He is a bright, intelligent-looking lad, who had been a domestic servant in San Francisco, and speaks English very well. The story he tells is modest but intensely dramatic. He is one of the seventeen survivors of Ouchi's regiment, who had to soak their iron

ration in the water mixed with the blood of their comrades in the trench below Ban-u-san, just before the heroic seventy started on their perilous adventure to capture it. But the most interesting point of his story to me was when he produced that flag from his jacket.

October 12.—There was desultory firing all night, but it is very quiet this morning. The sun is breaking through the clouds, and is quickly drying the soddened fields. The harvesters, who were idle yesterday owing to the rain, are now busy again threshing corn, and lopping off the heads of the tall millet. The alleys and byways are strewn with the litter. One could easily lose one's way just now in Tobeshin, for the stacks of corn-stalks, built up in the compounds, might well be taken for new cottages with thatched roofs, and the stately shafts of the millet, propped up to dry against every wall and house, has made the little village almost unrecognisable a few yards away. The areas in front of the cottages are full of the freshly-cut produce ready to be stored for the winter. Crates of turnips and radishes, huge baskets that a whole family might hide in, are brimming with golden grain, and the lopped heads of the millet, piled like kindle-wood, glisten a burnished copper in the rays of the sun. In spite of the whistle of shells and the rattle of musketry, there is plenty, if not peace, in the land.

The donkeys move unmolested up and down the roads, picking up stray beans and millet stalks, enjoying a well-earned rest after their exertions in bringing in the harvest, for their duties were rather heavy. I have seen



THE SENSIBLE CHINESE HORSE

these animals, some not bigger than a Newfoundland dog, struggling homeward with a load as large as a tram-car. The 'Chinese horse,' as the little beast is called by the Japanese, is long-suffering and long-enduring, as well as long-eared. I have never had so much respect and admiration for any ass before. Why are they called by that name, which is suggestive of stupid imbecility? A horse is a far sillier animal. He will go on, if man will let him, till he drops dead. A donkey will go on till he gets tired, and then he will sit down. I know this sensible trait in this much-despised brute, for it occurred to me the other day, when I had to smoke at least two pipes by the road-side, seated on my haversack, till the donkey felt refreshed enough to proceed.

I have just received the official account of the 'scrap' we saw last night. The left wing of the First Division, of only three companies, attacked the Russian trench near the railway bridge south of the Ryugan, or the Fort of the Dragon Eye. They started at 7 p.m., and after an hour and a half's bombardment, in which our newly-arrived mortars figured, it was captured with the small loss on our side of thirty-one casualties. At the same time the Russians made a counter attack on Ban-u-san, in which the right wing of the Eleventh Division was engaged, which lasted all night. Official statements are, I find, sometimes inaccurate. The soldiers' account of the First Division 'scrap' is this, that the Japs tried to capture the trench in question. Owing to the excellence of the Russian artillery fire they could not succeed in

rushing the position. but remained near to it. The news from the front regarding the Ban-u-san business was that the Russians were repulsed after fighting into the small hours of the morning, with the Jap loss of only twelve men, after six hours' fighting. Anyway, it was a very fine sight, and was almost worth the casualties for the pyrotechnic display alone. There must have been two star-lights to each man shot.

Lieutenant-General Nishi, who has come down from Liaoyang on a visit to Nogi, has just been made a full General. I remember seeing him ten years ago storming the Etse Fort, or Chair Hill, the then key of Port Arthur, and later on in the day I was with Nogi at the famous parade ground.

Ah ! then the great fortress was captured in a day. It's a different kettle of fish this time. I have just turned up a few notes of that business ten years ago. It was November 21, 1894. The fighting started at dawn and it was practically all over by mid-day. The Japs lost one lieutenant killed (a major afterwards succumbed to his wounds), and six captains and two lieutenants were wounded. Only seventeen non-coms. and men were killed in battle, and 270 men wounded. Port Arthur was defended by about 14,000 Chinese.

To-day there are only 10,000 capable fighting men, by reliable reports, defending the Port Arthur position, and we, after six weeks' investing the place, have lost nearly 30,000 men without having captured any position of great strategic value.

· *October 13.*—A fine, summer-like morning, with a gentle breeze. We have had a quiet night. Very little shelling going on until four o'clock. Chosan is still seedy, I have put him off all work to-day. He can't touch solid food, so I procured a tin of Nestlé's milk from the sutler, and mixed him some with brandy, which he seems to relish.

A telegram arrived about midnight of yesterday, from the Northern Army, stating that the first, second, and fourth armies had that morning attacked the Russian advanced position before Mukden. The enemy made little resistance, and the Japs have captured 25 guns, 11 ammunition waggons, 150 prisoners, and have occupied the whole Russian position. The left wing is now pursuing the Russians to cut off Kuro-patkin's retreat.

In capturing the railway bridge and entrenchments the night before last, only one company of the Ninth Division attacked. Their casualties were 7 killed and 31 wounded. The Russians during the night tried to retake the position, but were repulsed.

Sudden outburst about noon from the Japanese guns. Find that they are bombarding the Russian forts. General Nishi has just gone up to the artillery position. Probably the Japs are showing the General the various ranges, and what the 11-inch guns can do.

Six o'clock. The bombardment has ceased, and there is an unusual quietude for a moment with both armies, with the exception of the fatigue parties down

at the railway siding. They, looking like ants in their dark winter clothing, swarm over the newly-arrived 11-inch guns, struggling with them, shifting them from their trucks, and dragging them into position. Luckily the roads are hard and firm with the recent spell of dry weather, and the gigantic task of moving the heavy mass of iron is comparatively an easy one. Two have started in the direction of the First Division, a distance of five or six miles. Fixed in a frame of heavy timbers, they are passed over wooden rollers, and so are slowly dragged forward by a team of men.

8.30. The heavy guns have commenced again. The 4.7 seems to be the busiest ; and, as usual, the blast shakes our shanty till the door rattles. The infantry are also at work, joined by an occasional machine gun. I suppose it means another night's fighting. How weary those unfortunate Russians must be, harried in this manner night and day, with no possible hope. I hear to-day that Stössel is now without horseflesh, and all rations are scanty at Port Arthur. Even the well-water, which is all they can rely on after the capture of the water-works, is nearly giving out.

Just come back from my point of vantage. The 'scrap' has only lasted the best part of an hour. The fighting was evidently round by the railway bridge below the Urhlungs. The moon is on the wane, the searchlights and star bombs are not working, so little is seen but the flash of the guns. Ah, now the Russians have got one of their searchlights to work, and its pale

rays creep from hill to hill. What can they see, I wonder? Another trench or redoubt occupied by the enemy, and the bodies of their fallen comrades lying weltering in their blood on parapet or glacis?

October 14.—Fighting recommenced at 11 last night, and continued without intermission until 6 o'clock this morning. The weather is mild, and the sky clear. The love-song of the 'Chinese horse' awoke me, for the baby-clock next door did not seem to go off at the usual time; any way I am later. This is excusable, for Barry did not leave till past one, having worked till that hour on his Kodama interview. At 2.30 A.M. he came back, rapping at the window to know if I would let him in, as he was too hungry to sleep, and he wanted the rice kettle and a pot of jam. The Japanese naval guns were then pegging away, and they are far from soporific. I only fell asleep when they slackened, towards dawn. Chosan leaves us to-day for his people in Dalny, for he is too ill to remain. I don't know what I shall do without him. I go over to my colleagues at the foot of Ho-o-shan. The place that knew them once is now deserted, and there is no sign of them. I shout the name of each, but there is no answer. Meeting a soldier coming down from the mountain, I point to the badge on my arm, and pantomime that I want to meet men who have the same insignia. With the intelligence that all Japanese soldiers show, he at once leads me to a narrow and deep crevasse. I descend about twenty-five feet, and worm my way towards its

mouth. Presently a wall of stones blocks my path. I scramble over it, and then discover my colleagues snugly encamped in the deep ravine, safe from the terrible north wind, and more or less from shell fire, for the enemy's projectiles would occasionally come that way. David James, of the 'Daily Telegraph,' and Richmond Smith, of the Associated Press, were the carpenters and builders, and Norregaard, of the 'Daily Mail,' engineered the works, while Rosenthal, of the Bioscope Company, caters for the trio when they have finished the day's labour. It is an ideal little encampment, within a few minutes of the fighting, and less than a mile from the beleaguered city, when the time comes for our triumphal entry. They are busily preparing their mess-house, which is nicely warmed by a patent stove picked up in Dalny, for General Nogi has taken great interest in their proceedings, and is coming to luncheon with them directly the place is in proper order. Patriotic James has run up the White Ensign in the centre of the camp, and I must say it is delightfully refreshing to look upon, I having for months only seen the one with the red spot on the white ground, which represents the Rising Sun.

On returning to Tobeshin I find Chosan has gone. I had engaged a donkey and boy to take the invalid on to the station, so he ought to be in Dalny and comparative comfort before nightfall. Find Barry busy cleaning up the cups and spoons, and washing rice, the while ruefully contemplating six empty jam-pots in a row on the window-sill—the result of three days' dissipation. He

is rather glum, for there is no chance of getting more till Chosan comes back. The children round about the village look upon Barry with great delight, for they use his empty tins for mixing their mud in, when they play at making mealy-cakes.

Goto comes in and tells us that the Japs this morning have succeeded in destroying a gigantic improvised hyposcope made of pier-glasses, requisitioned from a lady's boudoir at Port Arthur, and cunningly fixed up in a trench below one of the forts of the Cockscomb, by which the Russians could see right into the Japanese parallel, and direct their shrapnel fire with deadly effect on the opposing sappers and miners.

Eight P.M.—The Japs have commenced their nightly shelling. The boom of their big guns is incessant. There is now no chance of a quiet night till the fall of the fortress. The pandemonium will gradually increase as each of the further siege mortars comes into position. The blast of these, with the three hundred odd cannon, including the 4·7's, 6-inch naval, and howitzers, when the final assault takes place, will probably make the loudest thunder that has ever been heard by man.

October 15.—Comparatively a quiet night. One or two big guns open fire in an erratic sort of way in the small hours, as if suddenly awakened from their slumber, and a few machine-guns seem to have the nightmare and chip in in the same manner. The men of both opposing forces in the trenches are in a highly-wrought, nervous condition. They have now been over two

months facing each other along the ten-mile stretch from sea to sea, and hardly an hour in all that time has passed without some kind of fighting.

The spell of summer-like weather has passed, and it is cold once more, the wind veering to the north.

We have induced the boy-help, who comes in to light the fire morning and evening, to wash his hands and face, and to leave off eating garlic. He comes and reports to me before commencing work. He breathes hard on approaching, lifts up his hands and then his chin, and slowly works his head round, as if it were on a pivot, to show me, as Barry says, that he has 'abluted.' The other boys in the village are almost scared out of their wits by this innovation by the hated red-haired, 'foreign devil'—fearing that in time the possibility of this washing process may become the general custom. Our boy is looked upon with unspeakable scorn by his more conservative comrades, and tells me this morning that, owing to this unpleasant situation, he must ask me for a rise in his wages, not for the purpose of buying soap, but to help him to soften the outraged feelings of the other boys by presents of native sweetmeats.

A message came in from Admiral Togo last night that he had captured, on the 12th inst., a German steamer *Pewping*, trying to make Port Arthur. She had four thousand pairs of boots on board, and was loaded with provisions and ammunition. The vessel had been chartered by, and was in charge of, Captain Edgbert, late adjutant of General Kuropatkin. He had been in two

battles in the vicinity of Liaoyang; in the latter fight he had been wounded and sent to the field hospital at Mukden, where he rallied and was sufficiently cured to take in hand this daring venture to succour Port Arthur. Several water reservoirs have been discovered in the stony bed of the usually dry water-course at the foot of the Double Dragon Fort; some are thirty centimetres deep; piping and pumping gear were found in the lately captured trenches; this shows that the Japs have now cut off another water supply, probably the reservoir to the eastern group of forts overlooking the Suichi Valley.

Engineers and gunners are busily working night and day in emplacing the newly-arrived 11-inch guns at the foot of our valley. Late last night the men were working, embedding the carriages in cement by the light of huge bonfires. My friend Barry, on seeing this great illumination, became much excited. He said to me: 'At last I have found what I have been hunting for ever since I arrived before Port Arthur.'

'What is that?'

'Why, a field crematorium; there they are, don't you see, roasting their dead?'

October 16.—For the first time for two weeks the night has been perfectly quiet. However, it is simply the lull before the storm. It is much colder, the air is keen, and the sky clear. The sun this morning seems lazy, for it is close on seven o'clock, and his saffron tints are only but now touching the hill-tops. The inhabitants of the village are also lazy this morning,

and the baby-clock next door has failed to awaken me again; even the 'Chinese horse' has not yet lifted his voice in amorous song. Ah! there goes a volley from those who never seem to sleep—the watchers in the trenches, who have been impatiently waiting until the first gleam of daylight to be at their bloody work with a surer aim. Now a shell lazily wends its way, creaking and wheezing on its path, and plumps down in the vicinity whence the volley came. The Russians are apparently eking out their powder, for now and again a projectile will fumble along like this one, as if it had had a very poor send-off from Port Arthur, and in its humiliation, with a low wail, buries its head in the heavy soil; and there the thing lies until some fool comes along hunting for trophies, and fiddles about with it, when it explodes, and the damage it does is extraordinary. Six soldiers were blown to pieces three days ago through trifling with a shell which was still alive, though apparently dead.

It is now past seven o'clock, and the boy-help has not turned up. He had a loose cold last night, which troubled all of us as well as himself, for these Manchurians seem to have no idea of the fitness of things; though there are no carpets on the mud floors to spoil, we were obliged to put him out of the room at dinner-time. The Marquis d'Adda and Washburn came over to our village to find a house, and in a few minutes the Chinese family of fourteen people next door had to shift into one apartment. Some of the women cried,



500 lb. SHELLS BURSTING ON THE TURBAN

and we were all rather sorry for them. I am glad that there was no trouble of this kind in my house. It had been the village school, and the contingent of boy scholars, instead of shedding tears at being turned out on my arrival, were overjoyed with the prospect of a long vacation, in fact until the great fortress falls.

About 2.30 P.M. the big guns open fire, and I hurry on to the scene of action. There are apparently two Russian forts involved in the Japanese assault—the Niroshan, or the Two Dragons, and Hachimachi, called the Turban, because of the conical contour of the hill with a belt of trenches round it. This latter work is a new Russian redoubt, and is the one on which the Japs intend to seriously carry the attack home. The preliminary bombardment is proceeding in a desultory manner as I reach my point of vantage. The weather is sunny, and there is a south wind blowing. The panorama of the Port Arthur positions lies before me, but much changed. The hills that were green or golden with ripening grain a month ago, when the assaults on Ban-usan and the Cockscomb Forts took place, now look as if the blasting, withering breath of war has scorched them of their cloak of verdure, for the harvest has come and gone, and they lie, brown and bare, and in a way ominously volcanic, with their broken crests glittering with machine guns and cannon.

Suddenly, the desultory gun-fire becomes more regular and faster, with its bursting shells. The Jap

11-inch mortars hurling their 500-lb. projectiles with devilish precision into the enemy's trenches forming the Turban, the huge iron cylinders, torn in segments by the explosion, churn up the earth, and make a hole sufficient for the foundation of a two-roomed cottage. Mighty columns of vapour roll upward like the dense steam from a gigantic geyser, only richer in colour, for the snowy cloud is mixed with the deeper tones of the scattered soil, interwoven with the azure blue of the reflected sky. The white wreaths of the bursting shrapnel curve and worm above the parapets of the redoubt, as the projected slug and shot beat down upon the glacis, till its surface appears like the boiling surf. There seems not a foot of the Fort of the Turban that is not ploughed and seared by the Japanese fire. The setting sun casts the right of the conical hill into deep shade, down which runs the deeper shadow of a nullah. Out of the purple depths flashes of cold light quickly appear—five, fifteen, twenty, one hundred shafts of steel now quiver through the shadow; and, as they catch the ruddy glow, look as if they were already steeped in the life-blood of their foe; then at lightning speed little dark figures follow up, up through the bubbling sea of shrapnel. For a moment the gallant little contingent waver as the men drop thickly under this hellish leaden rain; but hundreds of their comrades are soon in touch with them, and the remnant of the advance is carried forward in the rush on to the foremost trenches. Then, for a moment, the cannon on either side cease



INFANTRY ATTACK ON THE TURBAN

their thunder as if holding their sulphurous breath in anxious expectancy, as the bayonets clash and thrust in the rippling yellow fire on the Turban's crest. The deadly silence of the embrace is soon over, for triumphant shouts are borne towards us on the southerly breeze, and the dark figures are pushing onward again. Over the knoll sweeps the bristling torrent of bayonets, and down to the rear trenches where the Russians are making a last bold stand. The air is rent again with the crackle of shrapnel and splinters of shell, but nothing can stop the persistent little fellows. Many are torn to shreds and pounded into the earth by the way, until, from the scant cover of the pits excavated by the fire of their 11-inch guns, they press forward for the final attack, while assisted by miniature mortars made of wood and strengthened with thongs of bamboo, hauled along by two soldiers to each piece, which open fire just behind them, and cleverly drop charges of gun-cotton that venomously crackle and splutter in the faces of the defenders of the trench, as their enemy falls upon them with the point of the bayonet. So, blinded by this clever trick of the toy-gun, the Russians waver and break, and finally leave the Turban in the hands of the Japs.

The Russians fight as heroically as their opponents, for eighteen gallant men, driven from trench to trench, stand at bay in a bomb-proof shelter, and, refusing to take quarter, do such execution with their rifles from this cover that the Japs have to tear the sand-

bags from the traverses and trenches and throw them into the apertures of the shelter, and eventually seal the enemy up in this veritable shambles with their dead and dying. The fighting continues until the red autumnal sun goes down, and of the one hundred and forty-nine casualties to-day are the average number who lie in blotches of a deeper red, and who will never look on his glorious light again.

The Russian artillery throughout the fight is most erratic ; but some of their 10-inch shells drop very near the Jap battery in our front. Ricarltan gets his tripod and camera fixed in the line of shell fire, and takes a beauty in the act of bursting. The fight is really over, but through approaching dusk the Russians still shell us. On the same ridge as ours, a little to the left, is a group watching the battle. They have their dark winter overcoats on, and are probably seen by the enemy. A soldier leaves the battery in front and takes a mule-path up to the group. A shell suddenly bursts a few yards in front of him, he calmly walks on ; another explodes a little to his left—he stops and picks up a piece of the projectile as a souvenir. Another shell bursts close at his heels—he then humps forward ; a fourth shell bursts on his right—the soldier runs ; a fifth shell explodes in front of him ; he stops, evidently bewildered, and then walks to a rock and sits down. Our glasses are all up at once.

‘The poor fellow is wounded,’ cries one.

‘No,’ says another ; ‘by Jove ! he is smoking a



THE BAMBOO HAND MORTAR

cigarette! There I suppose he will wait till darkness comes on and he is assured of no more risks.'

Both men and animals of the besieging army are utterly indifferent to Russian shell-fire. A donkey will take the final shriek of a shell for the bray of a comrade, and chip in merrily himself; a horse will imagine it a keynote of a friend, and will accompany it with a shrill neigh; while a Jap soldier, unless they become too persistent, as in the incident we witnessed, will treat them as he would a blue-bottle or mosquito. My comrades of Ho-o-shan, who are watching the fight with me, invite me to dine with them at their camp, so that I am near if the Russians attack during the night. Their lair—there is no better title, for it is suggestive of a pirate's den or smuggler's haunt—is a cleft in the deep soil at the foot of Ho-o-shan. Between its walls they are comfortably camped under canvas, sheltered by the solid earth from the keen north winds of Manchuria. The odour of a savoury dish assails our nostrils as we enter the defile leading into the camp, and the cook is about placing a *ragout* on the ration-box which serves as a table in their mess-house. I sit down with the best of good fellows—the three correspondents and Rosenthal, or 'Rosy,' as he is called, for he has the gentleness of the fairer sex, unless some outsider steps into the focus of his bioscope when he is churning out films; then his language belies the sobriquet. The kettle and the whisky are passed round, and we are filling our pipes for the second time, when,

suddenly, a spurt of cannon-fire rolls over the hill and echoes through our defile. James jumps up and suggests that he shall go up to the hill to see if the fight is worth the candle, and he will come down and tell us. In an incredibly short time he returns, saying: 'Come along, boys, it's all right—splendid.'

Richmond Smith and myself join James, who rolls up some blankets and a waterproof sheet; we fill our pockets with biscuits, chocolate, and a flask of whisky; Smith goes ahead with a groom carrying a dark lantern, for the night is black and the road is rocky. We are soon toiling up the hill—a keen south wind blowing—and, as we near its crest, we get the full force of it, which nearly blows us off our feet; but we struggle on, clinging to the rocks till we reach the summit. There is really not much fighting going on; in fact, the only thing we hear for the moment coming from the direction of Port Arthur is the roll of the surf on the shingle below the sea forts.

'Well, this is a sell,' says James, 'they were going at it hammer and tongs twenty minutes ago.'

A shell suddenly explodes on the Turban, and a searchlight opens its giant eye from the blackness beyond to see if the shot has gone home; then its dull rays wander in our direction; we immediately hide ourselves out of its light in the crater of a shell-hole, where we huddle together for warmth, for the wind is keen and raw. The crack of a rifle, followed by a volley, opens the eye of another searchlight, which



BRINGING DOWN THE WOUNDED AT NIGHT

wanders about in an uncertain sort of way, then apparently goes to sleep again.

‘This is all rot,’ says James; ‘let us follow its example and go down and get some rest.’

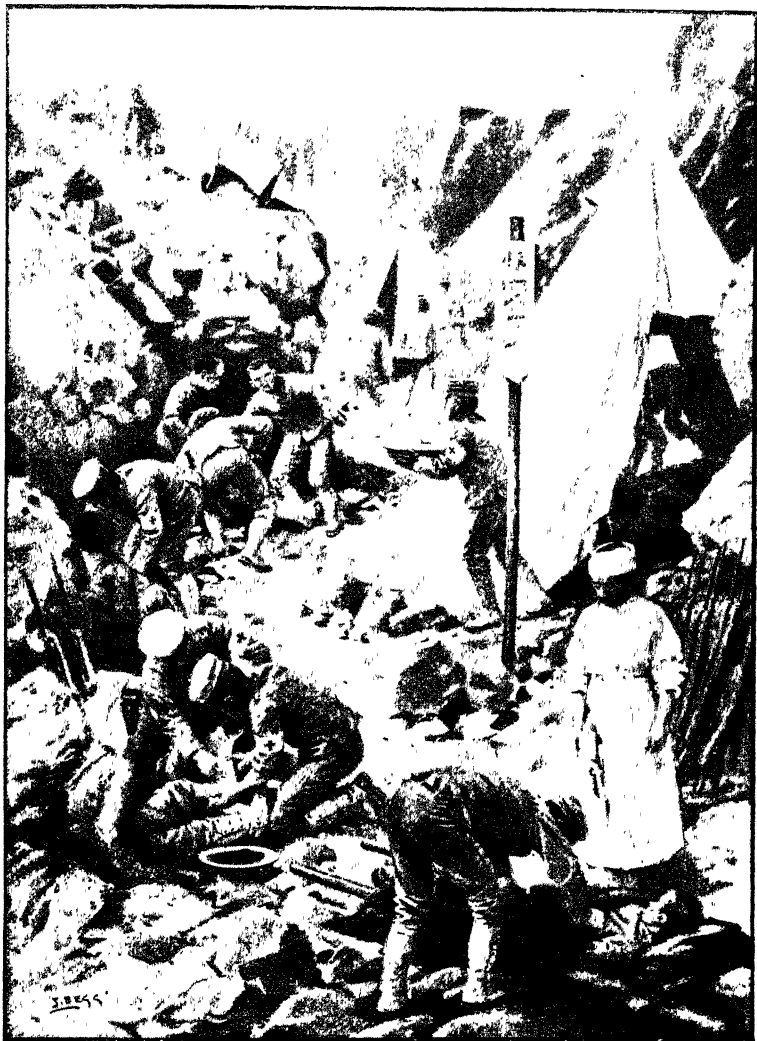
All the way back to camp James apologises to us for taking us up the hill for nothing. He says he is very sorry he couldn’t give us a better show. I suggest, to comfort him, for he seems much cut up about it, that after all it was not his fault—probably the Russians had more to do with it; but all the way to the lair he expresses his mortification. We have some hot cocoa to cheer ourselves up, but James is still depressed. I share his tent, and as he falls asleep he murmurs: ‘Very poor show—lug you all this way, Villiers—disgusting.’

‘Never mind,’ say I, ‘probably you’ll manage things better next time; you must give Stössel longer notice, and he will doubtless fix up a better entertainment.’ But good-hearted James is asleep, and I follow suit.

Monday, October 17.—The casualty returns of yesterday were 149 men and five officers killed and wounded. Not at all heavy, considering that the Japs were under a flanking fire during the first rush to the trenches. This small loss proves beyond doubt the value of sapping. The position of the Turban was almost identical with that of the Ban-u-san, and yet only a month ago that assault cost the Japanese fifteen thousand casualties.

My friend, the late Archibald Forbes, wrote an article, some ten years ago, on the impossibility of succouring the wounded on the battlefield under the approaching new conditions of warfare. This campaign proves Forbes' opinion to be correct. The wounded after an action have to be left on the field with the dead till nightfall. Even then the greatest care has to be taken in bringing the bodies to the first aid. The loss of life in attempting to move them during the day would be appalling. Though working under cover of night, no bearers can stand up to their work; they have to crawl cat-like, and must be always on the look-out for the searchlights, and when the fiendish cold white ray steals near them they have to feign death, lying prone with the bodies round them. The wounded they take by the heels or shoulders and drag or push them down the glacis of the redoubt that has been the bone of contention.

One night I noticed a strange movement going on on the Cockscomb. At one moment the dead seemed to be alive, and in another, as the searchlight played on them, they specked the glacis as still as the stones of a graveyard. Presently a shell dropped in amongst them in obedience to a signal from the cruel remorseless beam that was upon them, but the Jap bearers played their part perfectly, and were as busy as ants shifting their eggs, a moment after the light had swept by. The Red Cross bearers with their unfortunate burdens were anxiously waited for in the foremost trench, where the poor maimed fellows were made as comfortable



FIRST AID BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

as possible, placed in stretchers and borne to the field hospital.

October 18.—Wretched morning, wet and cold. The Russians tried a sortie by moonlight last night from eleven to twelve, but with no success.

The rain started about two in the morning; by the drumming I heard against the window-pane it must have been a steady downpour, and the roads are excessively heavy with mud and slush. There is one slight advantage with wet weather in Manchuria. The dogs keep in doors or slink into odd corners, and are too much under the weather to snarl or growl.

Desultory firing commenced about mid-day, and an occasional gun chipped in; but there was little damage done. I suppose the men must do something while in the trenches to keep themselves warm.

The two newly-arrived war correspondents have brought a heap of stores with them, and Washburn has kindly augmented my tobacco supply, which was running rather short; while D'Adda, with true Italian hospitality, sends me in a dish of macaroni and a glass of Chianti. They are both exceedingly lucky, for they have just arrived in time to see one of the most interesting little fights before Port Arthur.

It is now 11 P.M., and fighting has been continuous for the last three hours. The Russians are at the old game, trying to stop the work in the parallels.

The night is fine, but cold, the wind having shifted to the north. Obligated to swing my hammock between

the rafters to sleep, for fleas, and more noxious insects, including a contingent of centipedes, have come in out of the cold, and are occupying my customary sleeping-place on the mud divan.

Wednesday, October 20.—It is a cold night, and for a wonder and a blessing there is no shelling from the enemy. It is only my hammock that disturbs the harmony of my surroundings. In moving in my sleep the thing turned turtle, and precipitated me to the ground. I had a chilly time re-adjusting it, and could get no further sleep for want of an extra blanket to keep out the draught pouring through the meshes of the net. I was glad when dawn came, and with it the genial sun, which soon drove the chill from my bones.

Bright cloudless morning. Very little gun-fire till about noon, when Russian shells drop into our valley. One comes over my village and bursts near the headquarters commissariat go-down. Goto's white horse—a gentle, lovable animal I knew well—is standing near, and is split in twain by the projectile, which then strikes a rock and explodes, blowing a mule to atoms, scattering his flesh broadcast; another segment of the shell smashes the leg of a Chinese boy from our village. Goto calls with the 'Japan Times' and shows me the following from the army headquarters at Tokio:—

'The Imperial Declaration of War is as bright as the sun and the moon, and is what the millions of the people unanimously respect. There is no distinction of race and religion to be made therein. The all-important

thing is only to safeguard the existence of the Empire, ensure the peace of the Far East, to diffuse the benefits of civilisation, espouse humanity, and increase the general interests of the Powers.

‘Therefore I hope that, in accordance with this principle, you will endeavour to extend hospitality and frankness to the foreign visitors at the front, if it does not seriously infringe the secrecy of the military operations; and I hope that there shall be nothing left undone in manifesting the good faith of the Empire.’

‘My dear Goto,’ I remark after reading it, ‘that order has been anticipated by General Nogi for the many weeks we have been with his command. We could not have received greater hospitality or more kindness. Therefore the Chief of the General Staff’s proclamation is unnecessary with this army.’

October 21.—Bitterly cold morning, bright, and clear. During the night a few of our cavalry ventured into the valley between Niroshan and the newly-captured fort of the Turban, and looted a Russian ordnance store, now isolated between the lines. The Russians came out from their lines for the same purpose the previous night. Neither side molested the looters. I suppose it will be the Russians’ turn again to-morrow night. The Muscovites had been cut off from the store in question, which was a large Chinese farmhouse, and seemed inclined to share and share alike if the Japanese were willing.

Another incident occurred last night worthy of note. Two hundred infantry, ostensibly attacking a trench,

intended to desert to our lines ; but the Japanese, not quite understanding the movement, unfortunately shot them down. It was a terrible mistake, for it will not 'encourager les autres.'

I hear that diphtheria has broken out in camp, and there are quite a number of patients already in hospital. It is a trouble that is common in Manchuria during the early autumn.

The Japanese are nearly prepared for the great effort. The Eleventh Division has sapped up to the Cockscombs ; the Ninth to Niroshan, and the First to 203 Metre Hill ; so the whole army will soon be able to spring on their enemy from comparatively close quarters.

Chosan has come back to-day, but, unfortunately, still looking weak and ill. He has brought some peanuts and chestnuts as peace offerings, for he is too seedy to stay, and must go back again.

October 23.—I return from Dalny with George Kennan and Curtis, who have just arrived, and are about to join the Third Army before Port Arthur. Travelling back to Tobeshin is not so pleasant a journey as that of the previous day to Dalny. For we are perched on the top of lumber, piled up to an uncomfortable height on the truck, and in jeopardy of being blown away by the fierce gusts of the north wind, or shot off by the jerk of the train whenever it stops or starts. Unfortunately, as the truck makes a sudden swerve, my blanket, the only one I possess, slides off a plank and on to the permanent way. I feel so relieved that I didn't

follow suit that, for the moment, I do not realise my great loss, and not until the train has sped a mile away does it dawn upon me, when I suddenly contemplate my possible misery in trying to sleep without it in this cold weather. A polite Japanese officer assures me that I have a great chance of getting it back, and he immediately scrawls a message on a piece of paper and throws it towards a farmhouse, where some Chinamen are standing. I see the chit picked up by one of these men, and it is very likely that in a few days I shall have my blanket again.

On arriving at Tobeshin I find that everything has been fairly quiet since I left, with the exception, of course, of the usual night attack and the shelling of an afternoon, down in our valley.

D'Adda comes in to see me on my arrival. He is much excited, and tries to explain to me, in his quaint way, what is happening in the next room in his cottage.

'Ah, my dear Villiers, it's a most unique sight, there's a donkey, a dog, ze chicken, ten women, les enfants and one pork ; come and see.'

It is, as he says, a veritable menagerie. The dog barks furiously as we look in, the donkey, with a child's drawers over its eyes, is walking blindfolded, and at first he seems to be playing blind-man's buff in the centre of the room, with ten women and children, who are apparently hiding from him, huddling in the corners ; but the animal is really not at so frivolous a game. He is circling round a mill grinding millet ; above him,

bawling from a cot swinging from the rafters, is a two-week-old baby; a pig, accompanied by some fowls, follows on the donkey's heels, picking up the grain as it dribbles over the grindstone. This is the usual domestic scene in nearly all of the houses in Tobeshin to-day, and though the people are herded together with their animals in this manner, to make room for the Japanese officials and the war correspondents, they are still amiable and apparently pleased to see us.

October 24.—The weather is still colder this morning, but bright and clear. Luckily I am able to borrow a blanket, or I should have rather a bad time. Goto has just called, and tells me that he finds that there are so many Chinamen from all parts of the coast now in Dalny, seeking and not finding employment, that two or three die daily from sheer starvation. And yet the winter has only just commenced.

He also informs me that General Nishi is to command the garrison of the Kwantung province, which is the Port Arthur end of the Peninsula, and Major-General Kamio, who commanded a brigade, and was severely wounded at the assault on the Ban-u-san Fort, on August 22, is to be Chief of his Staff. Of course, this arrangement does not come into operation till General Baron Nogi has done his work.

The Chinaman whom Chosan has brought here to assist him, named Chauncy—we call him Depew for short—is cooking us excellent and enticing food, which I tell Barry is a grave mistake, for I have been

priding myself on getting my figure down to the Apollo-like dimensions of a few years ago, on the half-rations we have lately been accustomed to. But Barry tells me that he wants to fill out; so we are rather at a deadlock, and it is now a serious question between us whether we break up the mess and each have separate cooking. I rather expected this trouble. This is all through Chosan, who stupidly imagined that we were not relishing our food owing to his inability to go further than preparing stews. This is the result of having a too conscientious and untiring servant. We have dry hash now, instead of stew, and pancakes every night.

Just received good news about my blanket. It, with two others, has been found, but I shall have to travel an hour by train in an open truck to prove its identity. I have already stated that it might be known by having a bottle of Kerin beer inside its folds; but as that is the universal brand which is consumed out here, the other blankets, the authorities say, may contain similar bottles; so, I suppose, I must go. Shells are scarce, but large, to-day. At two o'clock this afternoon part of the city of Port Arthur was set on fire by our heavy guns. It burnt brilliantly for one hour, but by five o'clock it gradually subsided.

October 25.—Morning bright and cold. Last night the Japs and the Russians met for the first time while sapping and counter-mining. This was on the central approach on the east of the Cockscomb. There was a sharp fight, the Japs having thirty casualties, whilst the

enemy's are estimated at thirteen. In one or two instances the belligerents' entrenchments are not more than ten metres apart.

There is news from the northern armies to-day. From the 7th to the 15th of this month the Japs have lost before Mukden 13,333, and 708 prisoners. They have captured 43 guns and 4,300 rifles, and tons of ammunition. Accurate information regarding the Russians brings their casualties to 12,000 dead—10,000 were buried by the Japs—and 55,760 wounded. It was certainly one of the biggest fights in the history of warfare.

Poor Chosan is too ill to remain with us any longer ; I am obliged to send him back to Dalny this afternoon. I have never seen a servant so sorry to leave, nor have I ever known a master so loth to part with a servant. He is one of the best.

The Russians are very quiet to-day. I wonder if they know what is in store for them to-morrow at breakfast-time ?

October 26.—I am quite lazy this morning in the snug warmth of my recovered blanket, and nearly miss an auspicious ceremony next door. Late last night my landlord, a bright young Chinaman, came in to borrow the only chair in my room—an elaborate Chinese piece of furniture of huge dimensions, with sprawling arms, but exceedingly groggy on its pins. I thought probably that he was going to have it mended, so I let him have it at once, especially as it happened to belong to him.

But I discovered that it was for quite a different purpose he wanted the loan of it. He was about to get married, and that chair was to figure in the interesting ceremony. This morning, in the small yard in front of his mother's cottage, where golden cones of corn and pods of red pepper hang from the eaves and the donkey ambles round the millet mill, is a table laid out with flowers, cakes of buck-wheat, joss sticks and candles. By the side of this improvised altar is the chair, and in it, with her back towards the table, sits a bright and rather robust young person with her face enveloped in a thick impenetrable red veil. In her right hand she holds a stave covered with similar material. On either side of her are two female supporters, very solemn and evidently very nervous. Presently from the house comes the groom, who has discarded, for this great moment in his life, his ordinary attire of the peasant for that of the Chinaman, with blue gaberdine, black cap and red button. His pigtail has been well combed, is now uncurled, and hangs almost to his heels. The boy looks very smart, but exceedingly serious. He approaches the altar and for a moment or two stands calmly before it with folded hands. He then motions to the bride's supporters, who, tapping the lady on the shoulders, assist her to rise, and, turning her round, face the altar, still clutching the red stave. A Chinaman then moves towards the bride and holds a blanket spread out behind her, apparently to keep her from the vulgar gaze. She slowly proceeds with her husband, who

stalks on before her into the house, followed by a procession of small children, and women with crying babies; but the doors are closed upon these, for the bridal pair evidently want to be alone, when, possibly, the first kisses are exchanged—for there is, I believe, no courtship in China as we know it in our benighted country.

It is a simple little ceremony, full of brilliant colour, for the women are in their jackets of embroidered blue homespun, with trousers, or bloomers, of the same hue. Their tiny, pig-trotter feet are encased in red and green shoes with ankle bands of red and white. Their jet black top-knots are embossed with silver and blue enamel, and their ears hang with pale dove-colour jade.

The thunder of the guns makes the music of the wedding march, for the bombardment of the Russian forts has commenced. The white puffs of shrapnel are spreading death on the adjacent hills, and the wounded of the previous night's butchery are trailing up the valley; but the scene is not incongruous, for, after all, love and war make up the sum of life.

'Ah!' cries a voice by my shoulder, 'le moment psychologue, quel dommage, I have it missed.'

It is d'Adda, with his camera.

'Never mind,' I reply, 'you have the bombardment to fall back on. Let's go to the Eleventh Division and see the show from there.'

And so we started, d'Adda, Barry, and I. We leave the lovers at their marriage feast and descend into the



STRETCHER BEARERS RESTING THEIR WOUNDED IN THE VILLAGE OF TOBESHIN

valley, where there is little love but much fasting, towards the trenches—the zone of the ‘iron ration,’ where men munch hard-tack, held in one hand, while they pull trigger with the other.

October 27.—The report has just come in of last night's butcher's bill. The Russians made four sorties from Pine-Tree Hill, and were repulsed each time, leaving a total of twenty killed on the field. During the action a slating fire was kept up on the Japanese from the forts Idzushan and Antzushan. The result was that they suffered severely, losing one officer killed and eight wounded, and 125 men. The Russians also attacked from the Uurlung fort, but were repulsed, leaving sixty dead on the glacis. The Jap losses in defending their parallels were still heavier than the Pine-Tree affair. Five officers were killed, six wounded, and 335 men. During that afternoon and evening thirty 11-inch shells were fired on the warships in the harbour, twenty on the arsenal, thirty-two on the Uurlung, sixteen on the Pine-Tree, and ten on the East Cockscomb forts. Two light field and two machine guns, and one heavy gun were destroyed in the Uurlung fort, one big naval gun of the East Cockscomb unshipped, and two heavy guns of the Pine-Tree battery put out of action.

As the above is the first detailed account I have received of the expenditure of cannon and ammunition in a day's work by the Japanese, I thought I would make note of it.

October 28.—Bombardment of the forts by our

heavy guns continues, starting at eight o'clock and blazing away all day. Washburn, poor fellow, through ophthalmia, has to return to Dalny. We all deeply regret the reason of his leaving the front. I know I shall miss him much, for he is an excellent companion.

I go over to see my comrades at Ho-o-shan, and take d'Adda with me; we afterwards climb the hill to our old quarters of six weeks ago. The place has been much shelled since those days; the little rock-cellar I built, to keep things out of the fierce sun, is knocked all to pieces.

Though the country is all bare, and the hills a monotonous brown, the view is a magnificent one. One can easily see the wonderful work the Japanese sappers and miners had accomplished in a few weeks. The Double Dragon fort is especially scarred and seamed with parallels and trenches, and in some places the Japs are within only a few yards of the actual parapet. Our 500-lb. shells are tearing huge masses of earth out of the scarps and pounding the sharp outlines into a serrated heap. The Russians in the meantime are not idle, dropping two 10-inchers right into one of our parallels; but as we had no men in it there was not much execution done, and the repairing party soon set matters right. A keen north wind is blowing, which seems to cut us through and through, so, after an hour of the sight, we descend to our quarters in the donga, where our hospitable comrades regale us with some hot tea.

October 29.—There was considerable fighting through the night and many heavy guns were at work. In fact, there was very little sleep to be got after three in the morning. The Russians attacked and drove the Japs out of their advanced trench on the Urhlung fort. Every few minutes my room was lit up with the reflection of the big guns down in the valley, and then came the attendant blast.

As I promised to get Washburn a few snapshots with his camera I go down to the four 11-inch battery. It is a busy scene and exciting enough, for the enemy plug quite a number of shells into our vicinity. Luckily the majority of them do not burst, but simply kick up a little dust as they bury their noses in the ploughed fields. The columns of smoke from our battery are—for the old black powder is now used—simply magnificent. They roll in dense volume over a hundred feet high, and then, gradually spread by the wind, almost envelop the hill above.

There is news this afternoon that a great assault of at least four of the principal forts will take place to-morrow. All the troops of the four divisions are preparing, and those who are expecting to be actually engaged are tidying themselves up and changing their linen, for the Jap soldier has a horror to be found dead in a state of uncleanness. This is certainly a custom quite novel to me in my experience of campaigning.

When I return to my shanty I find a note requesting me to be at headquarters by five o'clock for certain news.

I find all the other correspondents are there. Presently, Major Yamaoko, one of Nogi's staff, spreads a map on the table under the trees in the General's garden, and points out to us the positions. The Japs are about to assail to-morrow. As far as one can gather, a great demonstration will be made on four of the eastern forts, while the Japs ascertain the nature and depth of the Uhlung, or Niroshan, fort, while, of course, carrying the attack home on any of the four involved positions if their respective garrisons show any weakness. After we have carefully examined the maps and are allotted to our positions, the Major says :

‘Gentlemen, I have received news from the Northern Army which is most satisfactory to us, and which you will probably like to hear. In the attack by our forces on General Kuropatkin at Liaoyang the enemy's casualties were 67,000, and we captured 43 guns and many thousand rifles.’

‘What were the Japanese casualties in the fight, Major?’ says one of the ‘out-for-the-fun’ young men.

‘Sorry I can't tell you. We have not yet received the return.’

‘That is very strange,’ says his questioner, with an impudent, suspicious look in his face. ‘How is it you can so accurately mention the number of the Russian losses and not know anything about your own. Eh, Major?’

Yamaoko's face flushes as, with a smile, he shrugs his shoulders; but a dangerous light is in his eyes. He

ventures no further information, bows to us, ignores the questioner, and turns into headquarters. I think we all feel inclined to annihilate this 'out-for-the-fun' correspondent for his vulgar stupidity. Any of us, at any moment, for the last two days could have got the news given to us by the Major by calling on Yamaguchi, which I had done, and ascertained that the Russian casualty returns had been wired to the London 'Times' from St. Petersburg, which had in turn been cabled to Tokio and remitted to headquarters here, while the Japs' casualties were absolutely not yet known. Why are these indiscreet and senseless gentlemen allowed to represent the public Press?

Of course, Yamaoko will not give us further information in a hurry if he is insulted by correspondents in this manner.

October 30.—Morning fine, but cloudy. Outpost fighting has been going on steadily throughout the night, but towards the small hours it is augmented by our 11-inch guns, and they herald the beginning of the great bombardment. I go over to headquarters to ask Yamaoko the liberty to go where I choose during the fight, for I want to get infantry subjects in the parallels, and to see operations with the Ninth Division. He readily consents, but tells me to take care of myself and not to call on the Staff, as it is rather late to communicate that I am coming.

I make my way to the end of our valley, skirt the six 11-inch guns which are busy at work, and strike out

for the railway bridge, under which the road leads into the encampment of Oshima's Division.

I am sure I have never passed through such a perfect pandemonium before in my life. Within an area of a few hundred yards, on hills surrounding a narrow strip of a valley opening into that of the Suichi, are over one hundred guns of various calibres—11, 6 inch, and 4·7's—all incessantly pounding away at the outer linings of those Russian forts that are to be assaulted by our infantry at one o'clock. The noise is absolutely beyond even the descriptive powers of a yellow journalist (I am not referring to Japanese war correspondents, but to the wonderful American production, who have been spreading out on this campaign). If all the iron foundries of the wide world were concentrated and going at full blast, it might give some idea of the ceaseless din and ear-splitting noise. The Russians are smartly answering, and shells with sharp hideous snarl or long-drawn whines whirl overhead, dropping to right or left of our course, and sometimes on our road; but to anyone accustomed to the ways of these vicious iron monsters, it is simply the question of keeping one's head, and watching the lines of fire, and the road is as safe—well, as it conveniently can be.

I find the men of the Ninth eager for the onslaught. But for this keenness there is apparently no sign about them that there is any more serious work in hand than an ordinary parade. They are, if possible, a little neater. I never saw men so free from all the soil, and wear-and-

tear of war as those soldiers of Nippon preparing for the fray.

I make my way to a point between the Eleventh and Ninth Divisions, as it strikes me that this quarter will be the centre of the attack. I meet an officer, who tells me I am only just in time, and that if I follow him he will take me to a trench where we can get a good view of the proceedings. The shelling is increasing in violence and the huge missiles are passing overhead every second. We skirt a narrow valley running parallel to the objective forts and climb up into a trench on the top of the dominating ridge. We have to run and crawl till we reach a small bomb-proof shelter, when we look through a slit between its stout timber frame, covered with sand-bags. It is past one, and shells from our three hundred odd guns are tearing up the glacis, trenches, and parapets of the forts involved. The terrific fire is absolutely indescribable. On the Kikwan East, and the curtains and redoubts between the Ban-u-sans and the Turban, and far to my right on the Urhlungs, the soil and rocks are tossed about by the 11-inch shells like an ocean in a gale of wind.

It is terrible and appalling, yet the fascination is so great that when one of the enemy's 10-inch shells bursts at the back of us and throws up a shower of mud and stones within some thirty yards we casually note the fact by a slight turn of the head, and then quickly fix our eyes on those 500-pound projectiles crashing through scarps and counter-scarps, tearing

holes large enough for the foundation of a house. I was told that it would be the biggest bombardment yet on record, but I hardly expected this sight. Only occasionally do the Russians return the fire, and that from the forts in rear of those we are attacking. They are practically taking their punishment without a murmur. It is ominous and uncanny. Five to six hundred yards in my front the steep glacis of the East Kikwan narrows up to the fort on top, where are two naval guns apparently taken from the battleship *Revitza*. Half-way up to the first trench and line of wire entanglements a straight deep cutting has been made by the Japanese from a parallel below, which opens out into deep dongas and parallels leading to a steep ravine below our trench. Here troops are pouring in from the Ninth Division and pushing on towards the enemy's glacis.

The weather is cold and gloomy, and the troops, to show less of their dark uniforms, have ripped up their khaki jackets, back, front, or sides, and have laced them over the dark blue. They are free of blankets and all other impedimenta, with the exception of an iron ration, a waterbottle, and the full complement of ammunition, 200 rounds, in their waist-belt pouches. They are stripped for the fight and trudge forward with faces full of expectancy and cheerfulness, determined to win or die. I have never seen, in any war I have witnessed (with the exception perhaps of the gallant twelve hundred British soldiers who fought those fierce battles

in the Soudan under Sir Herbert Stewart, for the relief of Gordon, in 1885), men who presented so reckless and cheerful an appearance on approaching such a terrible ordeal as now faces them.

It is past 2 o'clock. The racking shell fire from our guns slackens, dwindles down to a mere desultory shot here and there, then ceases altogether. There is a silence so profound that one catches one's breath in wondrous anticipation. Suddenly, out of the vertical cutting up the glacis, ten—fifteen—twenty—a hundred men swarm out, like grain from a hopper.

The black-and-white little figures hurry through the maze of parallels to the mouth of the ditch on the glacis. From seven different points the Jap infantry simultaneously press forward. It is simply remarkable how these different attacking parties apparently keep touch. The glacis of the whole eastern fort line are black with the advancing troops. From four to five thousand men were selected for the assault, and, in contingents of some five hundred, with regimental flag proudly flying, they hurry up the slope, shouting 'Banzai!'

It is a remarkable sight looking along the line to the westward. The forts cresting the slopes look under our shell fire like the collapse of a badly cooked pudding when taken from the cloth—a meaningless heap of débris. Surely, the Japs have nothing to do but to walk into them and commence reconstruction. From the mouth of their parallels it is but a hundred yards or so to the first

Russian trench, but, in that short space, the Russian batteries from Lao-te-chi and other forts of the inner line punish them severely. Hundreds are mown down by the enemy's shrapnel. My attention is once more riveted on the fort in front of me, the East Kikwan, and a small redoubt dove-tailed in between it and the West Ban-u-san position, which is called the P. fort, and in shape is similar to the Turban we captured in like position, next to the Urhlung or Niroshan.

It is the first battalion of the 12th Regiment, so my friendly officer informs me, now attacking and pouring out of the main hopper on to the glacis of the East Kikwan. They soon strike the first trench, but the Russians have long since retired under the terrible strain of the shell fire to the fort above, where the muzzles of the naval guns break the sky-line.

It is all easy going till the Japs are about half-way up from the mouth of their hopper to the fort's parapet, when a hail of shrapnel seems to crumple up half of the contingent. Dead, wounded, and living seem suddenly to sink into the earth, and no one moves. The cover of the enormous shell-holes once more befriends the gallant little men, and for many minutes there is no sign of life among them. Presently one of the black dots moves forward. Can he be going alone? No one follows. On goes the plucky little fellow up to the fort ditch; passing down and up, he hangs on to the counter-scarp. Two more dots from the shell-holes below come to life again, and follow in the direction of the one hanging to the

scarp. Ten more soon follow, and then others are resurrected from the shell-pits, and hurry up to the ditch. The man on the counter-scarp, looking back, sees his supporting comrades, sprawls over the parapet, and disappears into the fort.

I can't help giving a shout of exultation at that one man's pluck. The Jap officer by my side loses all control and dances with joy. But how is it those other men behind don't immediately follow? I count five minutes by my watch. What are they about? My officer friend shakes his head.

'Can't tell,' he says.

'It's all right,' I point, 'they are now going forward'; and at a given signal the rest, but fifty men only, scramble up the counter-scarp and over the parapet, where they are lost to sight.

'Banzai!' we shout, and the officer again dances with joy. Ah! our men have done better than those to the westward, with the exception of the redoubt close up against the one we have just entered. Here the Japs seem to have passed over and beyond, and are trying to penetrate the Chinese wall, which forms a curtain, linking all the eastern range together.

The other attacking parties appear to be paralysed with the searching shrapnel fire, and cannot move forward. The dead are sprinkled on the shell-pitted slopes like flies in summer-time on treacled paper, and the living are huddled up under the parapets, all seeking cover in the scars and ruts of the pounded glacis.

No more supports for the gallant fifty who have entered the fort in front of us. The hopper stops running for want of those black-and-white units. Half of the men who have left the mouth of it to push forward to the fort above have not moved. They cannot support their brave comrades. I can see, quite plainly through my glasses, some with their faces turned upward towards the gun, watching, as we are watching, for signs of that forlorn hope, others lie mostly with their heads tucked downward, and show no movement. Some ten or fifteen minutes pass—it seems long hours to us waiting in our trench—before there is any sign. Then, quickly, a man's legs appear striding the parapet, down he tumbles into the ditch. Then another breaks the skyline between the cannons' muzzles, and, in a twinkling, about thirty out of the fifty tumble pell-mell over the parapet—sliding down the scarp, in and out of the ditch, and making for the mouth of the hopper.

I notice a quiver go through the little officer by my side. A Japanese war-artist has just joined us, his sketch-book in hand. He drops his pencil, and sits down by the side of it with his back turned to the scene. He can look no longer.

Good God! what has happened? think I. Shrapnel now play once more from Russian guns on the slopes, and the few who have returned throw themselves flat on their faces. It is necessary, for the sky-line of the fort is broken by tall and stalwart figures. I see them touching to the left—a squad of Russians—as if on

parade. An officer stands forward with flashing sword ; he looks down the glacis. Not a movement is seen of the black dots on the slope. His work is not required here. He quickly points to the P. fort below. The Japs have passed round and over it, and are pressing against the Chinese wall. The officer turns his men half-left, and then I see a sight I shall always remember.

In rhythmical order, the men, standing grandly upright, seeking no cover, take cartridge from pouch, moving each with the other like clockwork, load and present, eject empty case, reload and fire.

It is a splendid piece of work, and, in my appreciation, I cry in Russian, '*Karasho!*' It was one of the few words I recollected, and it wells up spontaneously. The Jap officer by my side echoes it, '*Karasho.*' I look at him in astonishment.

'You speak Russian?'

'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'I am the Russian interpreter to the Eleventh Division. Ah! it is very fine. Good men, brave fellows ; but it is no good for Nippon.'

'Well,' I reply, 'you can't expect victories every day ; but how is it those gallant fifty were not supported?'

'Can't tell. It is most perplexing,' says my friend, with quivering lip. 'I do not understand.'

The fighting is over. The gallant squads on the parapet have retired to the interior of the fort. No one moves on the slopes. Those prone little bodies, in small

heaps here, scattered there, then trailing upward in a thin line, till one lay on the actual parapet, are some of them cunningly waiting for night, and the dark gaps between the searchlights, when they will steal downward to the mouth of the hopper and gain their parallels—or are they all dead I wonder?

‘Come, it is cold here, and we will find some tea,’ says my officer friend.

We creep along the trench down to the narrow valley, nursing the cover of hill-side or trench parapet, for the enemy are vigorously shelling, as they think, the retiring Japanese. The Japs never retire—they stick wherever they may be till the next available moment for attack. They remain in their parallels. We move along with the dripping wounded, limping, maimed, and bleeding, to the first aids. There is no feeling of defeat depicted on their faces; if they are sad, it is because they are still alive. A wound is not considered an honourable way out of a fight—only death, and these men are sorry they are not lying beside their dead comrades on the slopes, their spirits mingling with those now hovering over the field of battle.

They are wonderful little men, these Japs, with their moon faces, snub noses, beautiful, strong, white teeth, and the pluck of the very devil.

Still, it was a fine sight to see those grand, stalwart figures playing at parade, while fighting up on the parapet of the fort. Japs and Russians will embrace each other when this war is over. The brave love the brave.

In a little shanty of mats and bamboo, below the hill overlooking the valley in which the Ninth are encamped, the tea, hot and decently served in a cup and on a tray, is brought to me by a soldier. I sit on a rock to drink it. A small stream runs at my feet, about two or three yards broad. On the other side is a road, and further on are some cottages straggling out from a small hamlet. A woman and some children are playing in the little compound in front of the one to the right. The other cottage, apparently, is not occupied. I am looking on at the mother and children, wondering what they really think of this noisy and unpleasant business of war, when the wall of the unoccupied house goes up into the air, there is a loud explosion, and a two-yard hole is torn out of the garden. I seize my camera. Here's an opportunity if another should come. I am focussing the lens when it comes only too soon, within a few feet of the same place, demolishing the roof, driving through an inner and outer wall, and send up a fountain of brown earth. The woman and children stop and look round at the muddy fountain, and the youngsters crow with delight. The whole incident was too quick for my camera, so I finish the tea in disgust, wish my officer friend 'good evening,' and am going, when he says: 'Come over here to-night if there is anything going on. There's always a cup of tea after the show is over.'

'Thanks,' I reply, and take my way home in the gloaming.

I wonder what it was all about. The Japs certainly

did not push home the attack. Can't understand it at all. Anyway, whatever the casualties may be, only a few thousand were engaged.

I arrive after dark, but Chosan, who has returned from Dalny, the good fellow that he is, is ready with hot stew; he has been watching the guns from the cottage window and has timed my arrival to a nicety.

October 31.—Goto tells me that more than one thousand eight hundred 500-pound shells were fired into the Russian forts yesterday, and thousands of smaller calibre.

Yes, that bombardment for a few hours was the biggest yet on record, and will probably cost us over £40,000.

It's an expensive business. Luckily we only lost a few hundred men, and Yamaguchi tells me he has found out one most important thing—that the Urhlung moat is forty-five feet deep and fifty wide, and our men found the scaling ladders which they carried too short for the parapets. Therefore the whole attack was stopped.

'I wonder,' say I, 'if, after all, that business yesterday was a reconnaissance in force, or demonstration to hold the Russians in check over the whole eastern fort group, while you ascertained the strength of the Double Dragon?'

'Well, probably that was the reason,' says Goto.

'Upon my life, I can see no other,' I reply, 'for you brought all your much-vaunted guns to bear and only used five thousand of your troops out of a possible sixty or seventy, to do the infantry work. It



A STUDY OF STAR BOMBS AND SHELLS

can't possibly have been intended for a general attack to get through into Port Arthur. And yet, why did you spend so large a sum over the business? Can't get at it at all. You are a wonderful people, Goto, but I wonder what military experts will say over that affair of yesterday when the history of this siege is written!'

Very severe fighting throughout the night. All that one could make out was a determined attack by the Russians to try and regain the trenches and redoubt they lost the previous afternoon. They partially succeeded. When I go over this morning to my position of yesterday I find that the Japs had been driven off the East Cockscomb and down the slope into their parallel. They have done wonderful work with their picks and shovels in the few hours that they were in possession of the glacis, for a good solid trench has been made to protect their debouching-point. Their dead are sprinkled thickly round about the trench, and among the unburied are a few Russian sharpshooters buried quick, lying low up to their necks in the earth, and making good practice at any Jap showing at the mouth of the parallel. The Japanese dead lie in a zigzag up the glacis, bunching in the centre and thinning to one man, who was in the act of springing over the parapet of the fort. Between the two cannon, cutting the skyline, in full view, the only living being to be seen, is a Russian sentry, calmly leaning on his rifle; and but for the difference in uniform—so peaceful do the little Japs look in their eternal slumber on that slope—he

might be standing 'sentry go' over his sleeping comrades.

The scene suggests a good title to a sketch, 'In Possession Still,' for this was the third time the stolid Muscovites had fought on the East Cockscomb. The admiration of the world must be extended to the gallant Russian garrison for their untiring heroism in defending this position. I have seen nothing in all my campaigning to equal it; ill-fed, worn out with fatigue, and passing through the ordeal of a ghastly shell-fire—the most terrible in the annals of war—withstanding the onslaught of probably the finest infantry of modern times, the soldiers of the Great White Czar are in possession still.

But for a few spent bullets mewing above our heads, things are quiet this morning. The Japanese artillerymen seem to be enjoying a well-earned repose, for few shots break the slumbering echoes of the hills. Yet there is still a feeling of unrest, and I suggest to my friend Curtis, of the 'Kobe Herald,' who is my companion on this occasion, that if the Japs do not make good this rebuff at once, we might as well make preparations for a winter's campaign.

We pass from the Ninth Division to the Eleventh, and enquire *en route* if anything is in the air; but the men we meet have not yet received orders for the fray. There is a wretched uncertainty about it. General Nogi, I know, was out early this morning to see the position. Surely he must have made up his mind by this time;

but it is now four o'clock, and the usual shelling before an assault has not yet started. Ammunition, both large and small, is pouring in from all directions, and has been trailing up into the parallels for the men, to augment the depleted stores of the batteries. Yesterday's fighting was a great strain on both small arms and artillery ammunition. Few men are seen about the camps, only the hospital section is busy, surgeons and dressers are full up with work, for hundreds of bearers have been coming down since early dawn in the covered ways with their bloody burdens. All the able-bodied fighting men of the division are away up in the parallels and trenches, ready to feed the assaulting contingents. So some definite move must be in immediate contemplation. Presently a crash reverberates throughout the hills, then the mouths of cannon speak once more, shells hurtle through the air, soon the rattle of musketry commences, and the rapid detonation of the Maxims throb through the passes. The battle has opened again, but it is late, the sun is now setting, and it is nearly dark before we get up to our position, and, as usual, all that can be seen is the red glare of the cannons' flash, the cold light of the star bombs, and the flitting of ghostly figures in the haze of the searchlight.

It is now ten o'clock, and the fighting is still going on; the sharp, vivid glare of the shrapnel occasionally gives one some idea of how the battle is waging, and that is all; we must wait until daylight unravels the situation. I sincerely trust that this fight will decide

one thing or the other—an investment for the winter or a speedy entry into the fortress ; for most of us are sick and tired of these assaults and counter-attacks which have no more result than leaving both sides in exactly the same position.

12 midnight. Fighting apparently still furious, regarding the noise of the battle, but there is always much ammunition thrown away when it is dark.

November 1.—2 A.M.—Have returned to my quarters for some rest, but the belligerents are still fighting. 4 A.M.—There is no diminution in the fighting. 5 A.M.—The rifle fire is still brisk. 7 A.M.—There is a marked difference in the infantry firing. It has considerably slackened, and every moment it is dying out. 7.30 A.M.—A few shots only are exchanged.

Fine sunny morning, good for snap-shots ; I mean, of course, of the camera description ; so I ask d'Adda to come with me to the right of the Eleventh Division and see the men actually in their trenches. The artillery fire is rather slack down in the valley, so we take the route *via* the Ninth. We play the game in the open spaces in keeping in Indian file, and at certain distances from each other, in case of a stray shell, and have just sighted the first tents of the Ninth, nestling under the cover of the hill, when there comes the quick, rustling sound, which one soon learns out here, and 'pat' spurts a bullet right at our feet. We look at each other in astonishment, and in the meantime a soldier picks up the jagged bit of nickel and gives it

to d'Adda. Then the man makes us understand that we had better nurse the base of the hills more closely, which we unhesitatingly do. It is simply a question of out-posts, twelve hundred yards away. We expected incidents of this description to happen where we were going, but here is a spot, apparently relegated to shell, trespassed on by bullet-fire ; it seems to us rather unfair and out of place.

November 2.—Lovely morning, almost summer-like Go over to Headquarters and meet Oshimoto, who, with other interpreters, is waiting to see his brother pass by to the railhead with the contingent of wounded. He is a boy of 24, a scholar in the University of Tokio. Called to the colours a few weeks ago, he joined the 12th Regiment of the Eleventh Division, and was one of the first men into the trenches during the attack on the East Cockscomb on October 31. He was wounded by shrapnel in four places—the ankle, left wrist, neck, and shoulder—but treated the matter with great *sang-froid*, and the surgeons say he is likely to recover. The night before the fight he wrote his brother in pencil on a fly-leaf of a book this characteristic letter :

‘I thank you for the waterproof cloak duly received. To-morrow, brother, I will carry my flag with the first charge. I may be killed, but I will not disgrace our name. In the pocket in the lid of my trunk you will find five yen in cash and my field-glass, which you may make use of, also the socks, handkerchiefs, and gloves you find in the box. I beg you to try and recover

my body, and, if possible, to cremate it and send my bones wrapped in the flag I have been carrying to Tokio. So much for this, the last, favour I shall ask in my life. Adieu!—Your loving brother, GENOSHINO.'

November 3.—Fine, still, summer-like morning, and the Emperor of Japan's birthday. A letter, with some chickens and a bottle of champagne, has just reached me from General Baron Nogi. This is how it runs :

' Before Port Arthur,

' Headquarters. 3rd Imperial Army.

' DEAR SIR,—To-day being his Majesty the Emperor's birthday, I promised myself the pleasure of celebrating it with you and your colleagues at a banquet, which it was my intention to give ; but I deeply regret that, owing to the exigencies of the military situation, which demand my unremitting attention, I cannot do so. Will you please accept the accompanying trifle, which will, I hope, help to warm your heart on the notable occasion.

' With many wishes for your success, I am, yours very truly,

' M. NOGI,

' General and Baron Commanding the
3rd Imperial Army.'

This day will be an auspicious one for the war correspondents, for they are allowed for the first time to wire what they have seen of the hostilities in front of Port Arthur. It is, therefore, a red-letter day with us,

and we drink with great gusto to the health and a long life of the generous eastern potentate, and to his warm-hearted General, Baron Nogi.

I have been trying to make a deal with Ricarltou, the bird fancier; I tell him I will spare my chicken in consideration for his ration of champagne, for ordinarily he does not take wine; but he will not hear of the exchange on this occasion, so the execution will take place, and, for a wonder, as my messmate Barry is away in Dalny, he is coming to partake of the massacred innocent.

Some of the troops are parading their new winter overcoats to-day, and very excellent they seem to be, made of substantial khaki cloth with white fur collars. There is considerable quiet reigning in camp this afternoon, and apparently little in the way of festivity in spite of the great occasion. The Russians we thought were not going to respect the Emperor of Japan's birthday, for they dropped occasional shells in our valley this morning, but probably this was only a salutation on their part, for this afternoon hardly a shot of any description has been fired. It is also, I hear, a great day with the Russians; probably that is the reason they are so quiet. It is the accession day of their Emperor, the great White Czar.

November 4.—I pick up a shell-case this morning down by the parallels of the Eleventh Division. It has Chinese characters on it in white paint; the Russians must be getting short of certain types of projectiles.

They are using up odd shells left behind years ago by the Chinese. I mention this to d'Adda, and show him my trophy.

'Ah,' says he, 'you are right; the Russians must be getting short of powder. You come with me to the howitzer battery yonder,' pointing to the end of our valley. 'I saw the Colonel yesterday, and he showed me a shell which fell near his guns. It did not burst, and he opened it, and found—what do you guess, *mon cher Villiers*? Why, wood; little pieces of wood; these, "shavings" you call it; half shavings and half powder. *C'est curieux n'est pas*? It is coming to the finish now, I feel sure.'

'I think so, too,' said I. 'For half the shells that have been thrown around our batteries lately have not exploded, and they come on their deadly errands so slowly that one can see them quite plainly passing through the air. The Russian gunners are, surely, eking out their powder.'

I think over this matter all day, and in the evening resolve to leave Port Arthur, as correspondents and attachés are now permitted, if they choose, to return to their respective countries. I have done every phase of the fighting for the last three months or more. This sapping and mining is becoming tedious work. For ever tunnelling under forts, putting explosives at the other end, and blowing out a hole here and there. There is really nothing for me now to do but the entry of the troops into the captured fortress. I can leave this



SAPPING ON NIROSHAN, OR THE URHLUNG—JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING THE PARALLELS

sketching of the victorious army, proudly marching into Port Arthur, and the dejected, half-starved prisoners marching out of it. I have made up my mind, and write to headquarters, asking for the necessary passes to leave the front.

I first of all see General Ichigi, the Chief of the Staff, who speaks English very well. When he knows I have finally made up my mind, he sends me in to have an interview with Baron Nogi, who, through our excellent Interpreter-in-Chief, Major Yamaguchi, tells me that he regrets that I am leaving; he would like me to stay to picture the entry of his troops.

‘When will that be, sir?’ I say.

‘I can’t exactly tell you,’ he smilingly replies.

‘In a month?’ I suggest.

‘Probably later, but not much,’ he conclusively states; and adds: ‘You know, we are very strong here; but I think it wise to use the pick, and that takes time.’

I tell him that I have exhausted every phase of the fighting, and have filled my sketch-books.

‘Hope you have noticed the sapping?’ said he.

‘Yes, sir; I have.’

‘Well, if you must leave us, Mr. Villiers, remember this, that you can return, if you wish, whenever you choose. This Port Arthur business is but the beginning of the campaign, and you will always find a home with my command.’

I express my thanks for his goodness to me, and for

what he holds out for the future. He cordially shakes me by the hand and says 'Good-bye.'

Major Yamaoko, who had been deputed to look after the correspondents, and to whom I owe much for expediting my budget of sketches home to England—the officer who possessed the little wooden seal, with the picturesque Japanese characters upon it, which, when pressed upon our envelopes with red pigment, made us breathe more freely, for that cover, with its budget now censored, would pass unmolested to the hands of the editors of our respective papers—Yamaoko, with his ever-genial smile, wished me God-speed, and told me that, as I had seen three months of the hardest fighting before Port Arthur, the General had recommended me for the medal.

I never left any army in the field with greater regret, nor have I been treated with more consideration and kindness by all ranks, from privates to generals, than with the Third Imperial Army of Japan.



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